

LIFE

VICTOR OF BISMARCK SEA

MARCH 22, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

A Morning Star at 6 P.M.



"That's what my husband calls me, and wonders how I do it. Frankly, I have a simple little health and beauty routine at the end of these war-weary days—before dinner I take a relaxing bath, and then a glowing rubdown with a Cannon towel.

"I count myself lucky that I do have Cannon towels—there's no substitute for quality. Now that all household articles are getting scarce, it's up to me to see how I can make my family comfortable on as little as possible. I'm not going to buy any new towels unless I really have to. Instead, I'm going to make the ones I have last 'for the duration' by following Cannon's suggestions for taking care of them."

How to get extra wear from your towels and keep them "durable for the duration"

Launder before they become too soiled.

Fluff-dry terry towels—never iron.

If loops become snagged—cut off, never pull.

Mend selvage and other breaks immediately.

Buy good-quality towels—always the best economy.



Cannon Towels

CANNON SHEETS

CANNON HOSIERY

Millions of Cannon and other towels are now going to our Armed Forces. That's the way we're sure you want it to be—but it's also why your favorite store may not have as wide a selection as formerly. Naturally, you won't buy any towels unless it's absolutely necessary; but if you must buy, you'll be wise to look for Cannon, the towel that has always stood for good value.

**THEY TELL ME B.F. GOODRICH
WAS ACTUALLY SELLING TIRES
MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER
18 MONTHS BEFORE THE WAR!**



Right you are, Captain! Long before Pearl Harbor we were making tires in which more than half the rubber was Ameripol—our synthetic. They were the first such tires ever offered for sale to the American public. Many car owners bought them. So did leading American companies. They wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. The result was a dramatic nationwide test that proved Ameripol tires at least the equal of tires made with natural rubber. The Bond Bakers, for instance, reported 28,300 miles.



An even more severe test is being made today. Synthetic rubber is doing scores of vital jobs—wherever men fight—in the air, on land or sea. And again it's passing the test—thanks to the "know how" gained before the war. But remember this—all rubber is still precious. Ameripol synthetic rubber is not yet available for civilian tires.



After we've won, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. Look for the ones made by B. F. Goodrich. Why? Because we've had more actual experience making and testing such tires. And because we promise you that "B. F. Goodrich, first in rubber," will also be "B. F. Goodrich, first in synthetic rubber."



A few companies that bought Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941:

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD . . . THE BORDEN CO. . . . L. CASE CO. . . . GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO. . . . GENERAL BAKING CO. . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION . . . GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. . . . INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY . . . NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM . . . NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY . . . SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. . . . STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY . . . THE TEXAS CO. . . . U. S. GYPSUM CO. . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. . . . and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

This One



LUTR-W09-C6X4



LETTERS TO

FULLER'S EARTH

Sirs:

I have just spent 10¢, four yards of invisible tape and two hours of snipping, cutting and pasting in obedient accordance with your instructions for marrying the segments of Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion World globe (LIFE, March 1) and, having studied the finished product, feel compelled to report that the world is assuredly in a hell of a shape.

Or perhaps I'm just in an ugly mood, having inadvertently glued my index finger in with the West and Equatorial African flaps.

STAFF SGT. JACK WARFEL

Dale Mabry Field
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:

Judging by your picture of him, Mr. Fuller did a poor job of joining the segments of his Dymaxion World. Heck, mine is joined perfectly except for a part of my wrist which still protrudes from the fold between Ceylon and Sumatra!

WYNDHAM J. ROBERTS

Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Sirs:

Please accept my congratulations on the splendid service you have rendered the people of America by publishing the Dymaxion World map. I have spent the weekend in getting new geographical perspectives of the world by shifting the different sections of the map around each other. The educational value of this system is inestimable.

GERHART NIEMEYER

Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Orchids to LIFE and Mr. Fuller for keeping America at home throughout the weekend with glue pot, shears, patience and the Dymaxion World, thereby saving gasoline and tires.

JOHN TASSEY

Savannah, Ga.

Sirs:

I was greatly interested in Mr. Fuller's Dymaxion World and I think LIFE rendered a great service by making avail-



HARVARD GLOBES

able to the average man a global representation, thus clarifying many otherwise confusing relationships.

I want also to mention that we, in my class in cartography, have experimented for years along these lines. A few similar globes are shown in the enclosed photograph.

ERWIN RAISZ

Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I have cut out your Dymaxion World and put it together according to instructions. I did, as you suggested, study the information on the back of each of the segments. I wanted to save this information, but the only way I could do so was to leave the map disassembled. Why couldn't you have published your statistics on a separate page so we could have our cake and eat it too?

CHARLOTTE HOUSMAN

Kirkwood, Mo.

Sirs:

You suggest that the statistics on the back of each segment of the Dymaxion World be examined before they are sealed

inside by assembly. I think you will find that if a pinhole is punched in the center of each facet the information on the inside of the one directly opposed may be read quite easily. Thanks for your splendid contribution to cartography.

PARLEY R. NEELEY

Williston, N. Dak.

Sirs:

I think LIFE readers who made your Dymaxion World will be interested to know that it can be considerably improved by a coat of spar varnish. This stiffens the paper and protects it against damage. The varicolored temperature zones are brought out even more vividly.

A. G. MERLIN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

● Thanks to resourceful and ingenious LIFE readers for their suggestions for improving the Dymaxion World.—ED.

Sirs:

I note that the dictionary does not list the word "Dymaxion." It defines the suffix -dymus as "a combining form denoting a (specified) type of mingled monstrosity." I rather suspect that this is not the meaning intended by Mr. Buckminster Fuller. So what does it mean?

ADALBERT WOLFF

San Francisco, Calif.

● Buckminster Fuller's hallmark "dymaxion" has no precise etymology, but has the sound of the words most active in his vocabulary.—ED.

CANIFF'S "MALE CALL"

Sirs:

I was very interested in the Milt Caniff Army comic strips in the March 1 issue of LIFE. Could you tell me how an outfit goes about getting the strips regularly?

A/C W. K. WIDGER

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I was quite interested in your Speaking of Pictures on Milton Caniff's comic strip for the Army. I gathered that the strip could be subscribed to, but I could find no address to which subscription applications could be sent.

MIDSHIPMAN M. C. WARMATH

U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

● LIFE unintentionally slighted the Camp Newspaper Service of the Army Special Service Division, which releases Milton Caniff's special Army strip, *Male Call*. *Male Call* is not available for subscription, is issued only to post newspapers in Army camps.—ED.

GUADALCANAL

Sirs:

I hope your constant reminders to American civilians of the manner in which their soldiers live and fight eventually will make them realize that their own way of life is not necessarily the conventional one. In *Guadalcanal Diary* (LIFE, March 1), I was especially impressed by Richard Tregaskis' remarks: "It is startling to think how one's standards of values change under the continued impetus of living conditions such as ours on Guadalcanal. . . . One thinks of warm water, the smooth water-closet seat of civilization and a bed with sheets as things that exist only in a world of dreams."

Soldiering is a rather important profession, since the destiny of nations depends on it. Actually, luxurious civilian life is possible only because it is not yet necessary for all people to be soldiers.

JAMES E. HAWKINS

U. S. Veterans Hospital
Outwood, Ky.

Sirs:

Guadalcanal (LIFE, March 1) was another interesting series of pictures il-

THE EDITORS

illustrating experiences of U. S. Marines in the Solomons. However, on page 70 of this issue, LIFE gently questions the wisdom of distributing Red Cross sweaters to Guadalcanal marines at Christmas—temperature 90°. Comments by correspondence and returning casualties, or others, indicate that a Red Cross sweater can be a most desirable piece of wearing apparel on a cool and damp tropical night (and no Dorothy Lamour).

You will recall Captain Eddie Rick-enbacker's account of being broiled by day and frozen at night.

As your pictures indicated the Marines were "shoving off" from "Guad," it is a reasonable assumption that their destination included, among other things, cooler weather.

RICHARD E. ZIEGLER

Field Supervisor
American Red Cross U.S. Fleet Office
San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

The enclosed picture shows the admiring mother and two sisters of Sgt. Mitchell Nowak, whose picture you published in your Guadalcanal story (LIFE, March 1). In this he appeared wearing a bandage on his chin, shaking hands with a Marine Santa Claus. Sgt.



BERGEANT BACK HOME

Mitchell was wounded on his 17th day in Guadalcanal, and after his third week was evacuated by plane to the New Hebrides and thence to New Zealand.

He is now spending a month's furlough at home, mostly occupied with answering telephone calls from friends and relatives of boys on the island.

JOSEPHINE SCHEAFER

Chicago, Ill.

PICTURE IDENTIFICATIONS

Sirs:

In the March 1 issue of LIFE you have a picture showing "... operations and intelligence officers studying maps of a proposed target." Could you tell me the names of these officers?

MRS. L. L. HILLSINGER

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

We have noted with interest your article on Guadalcanal (LIFE, March 1), especially the picture on page 68 showing marines washing their clothes in a stream. We believe that one of the men, fourth from the left in the foreground, is our brother. ...

EVERETTE & RANDALL YATES
De Funiak Springs, Fla.

● LIFE regretfully repeats previous statements that it cannot identify men appearing in LIFE's many war zone pictures unless their names have been duly released by official sources on the spot.—ED.

LIFE & ART

Sirs:

You may be unaware of a well-earned compliment paid to LIFE in the February issue of the *Magazine of Art*. In it Lee Simonson writes: "There are roughly 1,000 cities of 10,000 population or over... that never see an art exhibition from one year's end to another. Their inhabitants can hear fine music over their radios, or borrow the classics of

ancient or modern literature from the local library. But they see art only when LIFE publishes colored reproductions of it."

PHILIP C. BEAM

Director, Museum of Fine Arts

Bowdoin College
Brunswick, Me.

READERS AT SEA

Sirs:

I don't like to think that LIFE would indulge in sordid commercialism to the extent of giving newsstand purchasers preference over regular subscribers whose money is already in the till.

I notice, however, that LIFE is on the newsstands the same day each week, while I have to read it over someone's shoulder from one to four days until my copy arrives.

FREDERIC PLANCHE

East Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

How come my next door neighbor gets his LIFE in the mail a day before I can buy it on the newsstand?

Is this a subtle way of persuading all newsstand buyers to become subscribers?

JOHN F. PAUL

Oakland, Calif.

● LIFE's newsstand copies are shipped by express; subscribers' copies are mailed second-class. Wartime eccentricities in transportation frequently make one more or less reliable than the other.—ED.

FISHING KIT

Sirs:

Should men, cast away on the high seas, fail to profit by their fishing kits (LIFE, March 1), there is yet another and a never-lacking source of a sufficiently palatable and highly aqueous food afforded by the sea. This is the plankton, minute animal and plant organisms, which can be obtained in nutritious quantities by filtering the sea water through a porous cloth.

CARROLL BLUE NASH

Pennsylvania Military College
Chester, Pa.

BOW TIES

Sirs:

I'd like to inform LIFE of the reactions of, and consequences to, a man who appears in its pages for the first time, however unobtrusively. I can give you a little first-hand information, because I appeared in LIFE, March 1, as the innovator and designer of bow ties for women.

The day after LIFE appeared on the stands I was besieged by phone calls from friends I had not seen in years. Letters from still others came later. Also, my wife's friends found bendish delight in calling and pretending to be "Lucile" (Lucile Tennant, the model with whom I appeared), suggesting clandestine rendezvous in restaurants and bars. One even sent railroad timetables from New York to Reno. My own friends also came through, facetiously suggesting contracts in Hollywood. They suggested, too, that I become a "pin-up boy" for Waacs and Waves.

And my bow ties are selling pretty well, too.

GEORGE MCCURRACH

Brooklyn, N.Y.

● Ah, fame.—ED.

Sirs:

In reference to the article, Bow Ties (LIFE, March 1), may I submit the following quotation from the Bible, without further comment:

"The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God." (Deuteronomy 22:5)

REV. FRANK W. MILLER

Peoria, Ill.



Frances Leonard, one of the thousands of skilled war workers at Philco, Philadelphia

WAR WORK...OR RECREATION

Frances Leonard's Shuron Glasses Do Double Duty

"My new Shuron glasses help me meet the exacting standards of top-speed war production," says Frances Leonard of Philco Corporation. "They help me look my best after work, too—at parties, at movies and at home."

Shurset Ful-Vue mountings are popular with men and women of all ages, because they are inconspicuous, smart

and practical... and there are no better lenses than Shuron Widesite. Have your eyes examined now!

ASK FOR

Shurset

FUL-VUE MOUNTINGS

with

SHURON WIDESITE

WIDE ANGLE LENSES

There's only one Shurset and that is made by Shuron



TWO POINT SUSPENSION

Shurset mountings use a plastic cushioned screw-fastening to suspend each lens from the rigid top arm at two points—like a sign suspended from a bracket. Lenses are strain-free... stay in permanent alignment. Lens breakage is reduced to a minimum.

SHURON

OPTICAL CO., INC., GENEVA, N. Y.

LIKE A CAT . . .



BE ALERT



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . LIKE THE CAT, A SOLDIER MUST ATTACK STEALTHILY

LIKE A CAT . . .



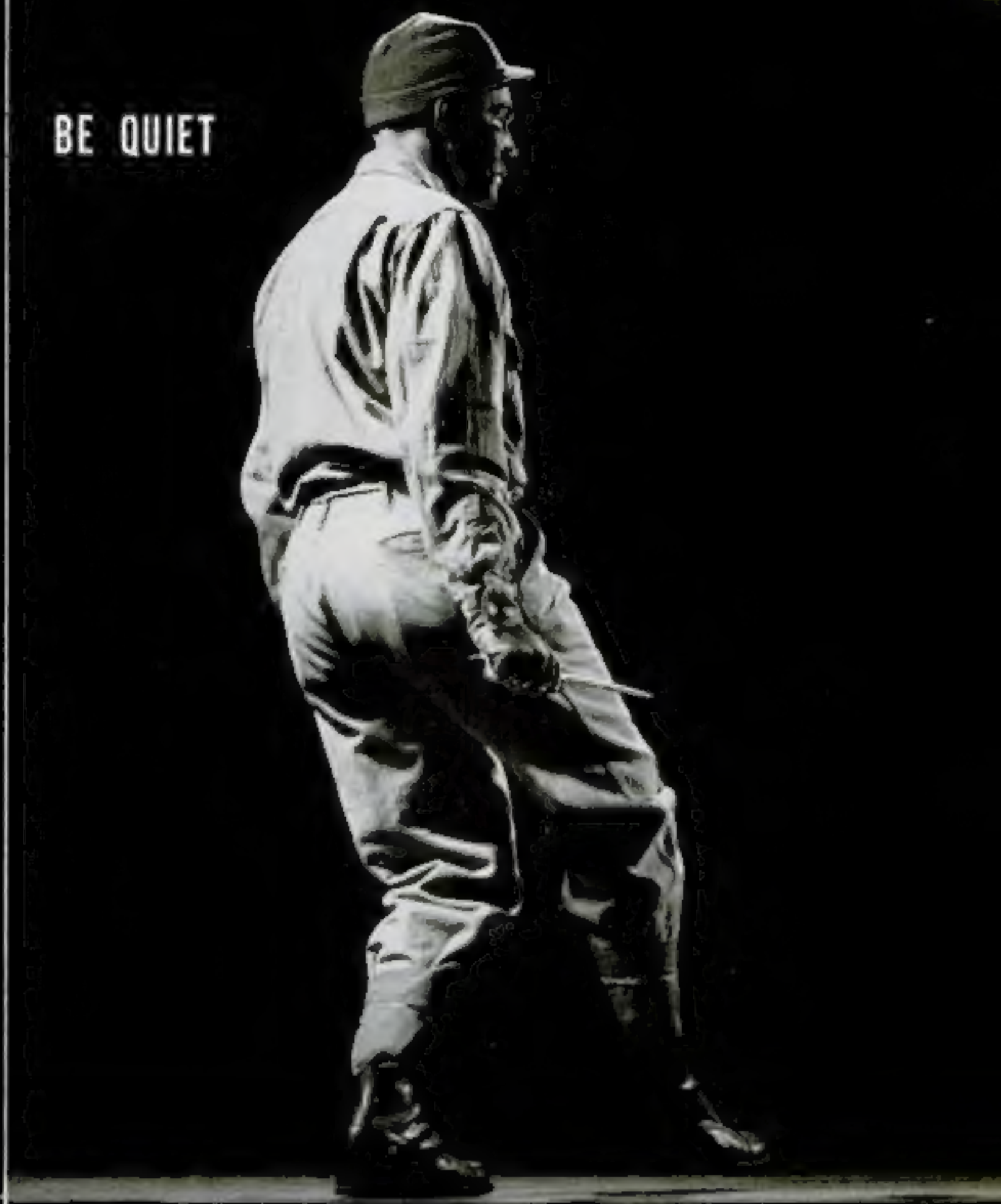
BE QUICK



LIKE A CAT . . .



BE QUIET



The craftiest enemies ever fought by the U. S. were the American Indians. They used every trick in the book—the stealthy approach, the scouting, the sudden brutal kill. Not unlike this oldtime Indian fighting is today's war in the South Pacific. There the Japs are experts at jungle warfare. To beat them the Amer-

icans must become even more skillful than the Japs.

Through a series of manuals, the Army is teaching its soldiers how to be expert killers. For one of these manuals Photographer Gjon Mili was asked to do a series of pictures illustrating the maxims, "Be Alert," "Be Quick," "Be Quiet," and "Be a Killer." Mili came

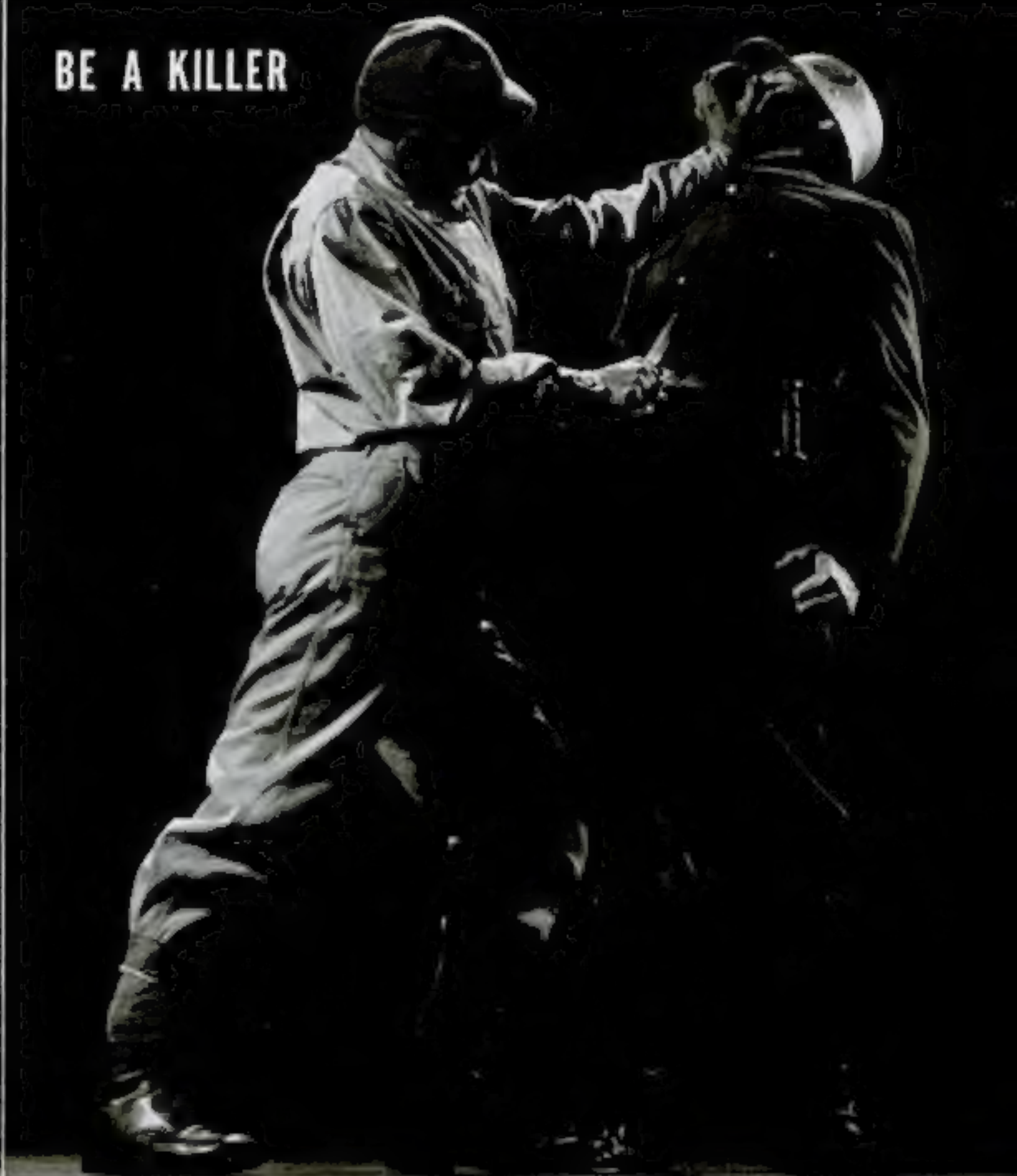
through with the pictures here, comparing the soldier attacking his enemy with a cat attacking a mouse. Like the cat, soldier must act stealthily and cruelly. On the next page are three methods for killing.

To make the pictures Mili was forced to acquire a black cat. Now he does not know what to do with her.

LIKE A CAT . . .



BE A KILLER



WAACS, WAVES, wives, and workers
walk to Victory in **THE SAUCY LADY**



Florsheims
win in a walk!



THE SASSY...
another reason why Florsheims
are the most walked-about shoes in America.

\$1095 to \$1295

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES (continued)

THREE METHODS FOR KILLING



With a knife, a soldier sneaks up behind his enemy, makes sure he is well within body length before he rises for the final charge. When he stabs, he stabs the enemy in the small of the back with a sharp, upward movement.

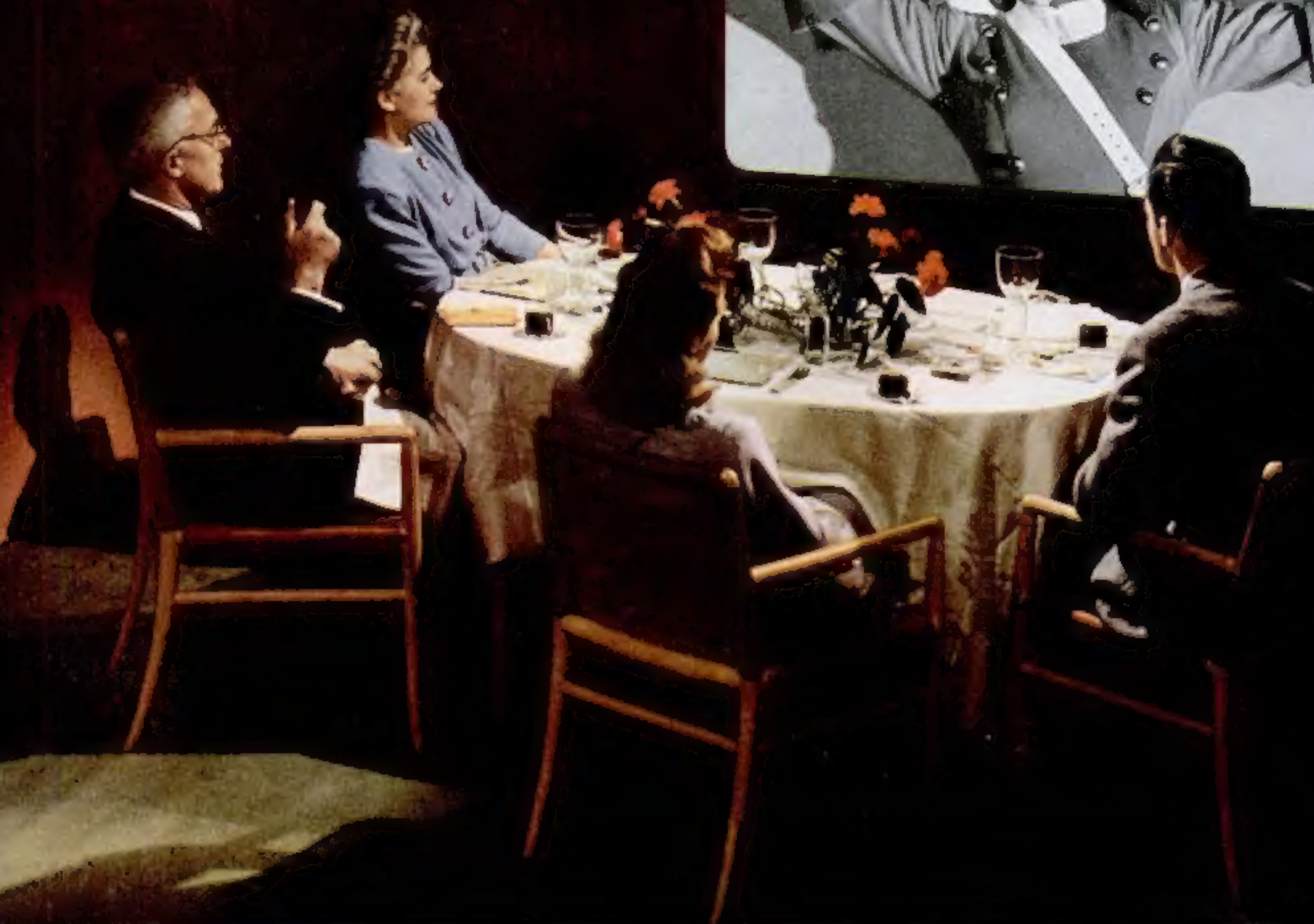


With a piano wire a soldier, braced with his knee against the enemy's back, severs his enemy's head. Always he is careful to watch where he steps, practicing walking quietly over rocks, twigs, grass, leaves and vines.



With a hatchet, a soldier strikes at the base of enemy's spine. On Guadalcanal, when the Japs yelled, "We're gonna keel you--more blood for the Emperor," Marines answered, "We'll kill you. More blood for Franklin."

Lily Pons came to dinner tonight



General Electric Television will enable you to see and hear your favorite entertainers in your own home

Just as now by radio you *hear* the world's great artists and entertainers, tomorrow by General Electric television you will *see* them, too!

In some form or other, whether a table model, or a cabinet set, or a projected image on a wall-screen, *everyone* will be able to enjoy the excitement of this wonderful new science.

By television, you will see the big baseball and football games, the Mardi Gras, the launching of giant ships. You will invite friends in for the latest television movies, or the new Broadway musical show. By television, you will keep up with new fashions, new recipes, and new dance steps.

If you are a business man, you will introduce new automobiles, radio receivers, refrigerators, electrical appliances, and airplanes by television. Not only will you *tell* the public about your product, as you do now by radio; you will *show* the public the actual product, package and all.

All of General Electric's experience in radio and television is at work today producing electronic weapons that are helping to win the war. When Victory comes, new knowledge gained in war years will be applied to the purposes of peace, and General Electric will build fine radio and television receivers for your pleasure and enjoyment.

FREE: A fascinating new booklet, 32 pages, full color, tells the story of television and other electronic equipment. Write for your free copy of "Electronics — a New Science for a New World" to Section 3-C, Radio, Television, and Electronics Dept., General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y. And when you come to Schenectady, visit General Electric Station WRGB, one of the largest television stations in the world.

Tune in on Frazier Hunt and the News every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings over C. B. S. On Sunday night listen to the "Hour of Charm," over N. B. C. See newspapers for time, station.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research
(70-82)

Every General Electric Radio is an electronic instrument

Radio, like television, is a product of electronic research. This electronic tube, used in the General Electric FM radio—a new kind of radio with amazingly lifelike reproduction, is essentially the same as the electronic tubes that make television possible.



NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE

(One of a series reporting North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)



A FLIGHT OF NORTH AMERICAN B-25 MITCHELL BOMBERS HAMMERS THE AXIS IN NORTH AFRICA

NORTH AMERICAN PLANES MAKE NEWS AROUND THE WORLD

Mitchell and Mustang Take Part in Six of "Big 10" Stories

"NAMES MAKE NEWS" — and two great names in your newspaper are the North American B-25 Mitchell bomber and the North American P-51 Mustang fighter. In a recent press association list of 1942's ten biggest war stories, there were SIX in which these planes figured!

Here are the roles they played: (1) North American B-25's bomb Tokyo. (2) B-25's play a major part in smashing Rommel's Afrika Korps. (3) North American P-51 Mustangs harass enemy in sweeps over Europe. (4) B-25's aid great Russian winter offensive. (5) B-25's destroy Jap ships, airfields, munitions in New Guinea. (6) Mustangs provide strong aerial support over Dieppe.

North American planes are making even bigger news in 1943 because they are even better than last year. Here at North American we

refuse to "freeze" design. Whenever battle experience or production skill suggests an improvement, we change *right now*. Today's B-25, for instance, is more than 22,000 drawing changes better than the B-25's that bombed Japan eleven months ago!

This policy of constant improvement demands extra work and extra ingenuity from every North American employee. But it's worth it. It will win the war sooner — days, weeks or even months. It will save many American lives. It will give you plenty to cheer about as you read the news North American planes will make on every battlefield from now 'til victory.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

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THE FIRST AMERICAN PLANE designed entirely on basis of combat experience — that's the North American P-51 Mustang. Heavily armed, maneuverable, one of the world's fastest. American and British flyers call it "the best fighter plane of 1943."

NORTH AMERICAN



Sets the Pace!

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Bradford Washburn, who took Mt. McKinley pictures on pages 69-73, is America's leading mountain climber. In fact, he started climbing mountains almost as soon as he could walk, and at 15 wrote a best-seller called *Among the Alps with Bradford*. Later in life he graduated from Harvard and became director of the New England Museum of Natural History. Money he receives from LIFE for this week's story is being turned over to Army Emergency Relief

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified

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	91—JUSTUS W. AHREND
	92—BOB WALLACE KIRKLAND

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT, BOTTOM; CIN, CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; LT, LEFT; RT, RIGHT; T, TOP; U & U, UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



Lt. General George C. Kenney at 53 is commander of Allied Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific and commander, Fifth U. S. Air Force. One of the great aerial tacticians of the war, he has been successful in the South Pacific in spite of a relatively small number of planes. Allied Air Forces which won Battle of Bismarck Sea (pp. 27-28) were under his command.

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Roy E. Larsen
GENERAL MANAGER
Andrew Heskell
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Howard Black

Subscriptions and all correspondence regarding them should be addressed to circulation office: 330 East 57th Street, Chicago, Ill. LIFE is published weekly by Time Inc.—Editorial and Advertising offices: TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City—Maurice T. Monroe, Chairman; Roy E. Larsen, President; Charles L. Stillman, Treasurer; David W. Brumbaugh, Secretary.


Subscription Rates: One year, \$4.50 in the U.S.A., \$5.50 Canadian dollars in Canada including duty, \$6.00 in Pan American Union; elsewhere, \$10. Single copies in the U.S.A., 10c; Canada, 15c; U. S. Territories & Possessions, 15c; elsewhere, 25c.

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HIS NEWEST AND GREATEST HIT IS ON THE WAY!




Roy ROGERS

KING OF THE COWBOYS in a mighty song-packed adventure... made to thrill you with its exciting action and vivid romance...


and **SMILEY BURNETTE** in

IDAHO



Smiley's funnier than ever before!

with **BOB NOLAN** AND THE **SONS OF THE PIONEERS**
VIRGINIA GREY
HARRY J. SHANNON
ONA MONSON
DICK PURCELL
and **THE ROBERT MITCHELL BUNCH**



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

A LINE OF "HUSKIES" ON HITLER'S TRAIL

"Somewhere in Africa" these and other long lines of Chevrolet trucks are moving forward with our fighting men in irresistible pursuit of the Axis. . . . And all over the embattled world Chevrolet-built airplane engines, anti-aircraft guns, armor-piercing shells and other war equipment are likewise serving side by side with our fighting men. . . . They're the world's best fighting men, and they deserve the world's best equipment—in a great, growing, inexhaustible stream—in VOLUME FOR VICTORY!



Chevrolet trucks on duty in the North African campaign.



CHEVROLET

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

BUILDING ARMS THE QUALITY WAY—FOR QUALITY MEANS LIVES TODAY



ELMER DAVIS, DIRECTOR OF THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION, BROADCASTS THE FIRST OF A REGULAR WEEKLY SERIES OF WAR ANALYSES FROM HIS DESK IN WASHINGTON

U. S. IS LOSING THE WAR OF WORDS

From all the battlefronts where Americans are fighting, the news was good last week. Our guns, tanks, ships, planes and troops were proving themselves superior to any equal numbers that the Axis could muster against them. But there was one theater of the war where Americans were still not big enough, sure enough or smart enough to challenge Axis superiority—the theater of political warfare or propaganda. Congressional critics, led by John Taber, Republican Representative from New York, were turning their attention to the Office of War Information, the U. S. equivalent of a Ministry of Propaganda. The immediate reason for the Congressional interest was a crudely drawn OWI picture booklet on the *Life of Franklin D. Roosevelt*, which Taber claimed was “a lot of cheap political propaganda.”

But the question as to the intent or merit of this picture book, produced for foreign distribution, was insignificant compared to the broader problem: was the U. S. winning or losing the war of words?

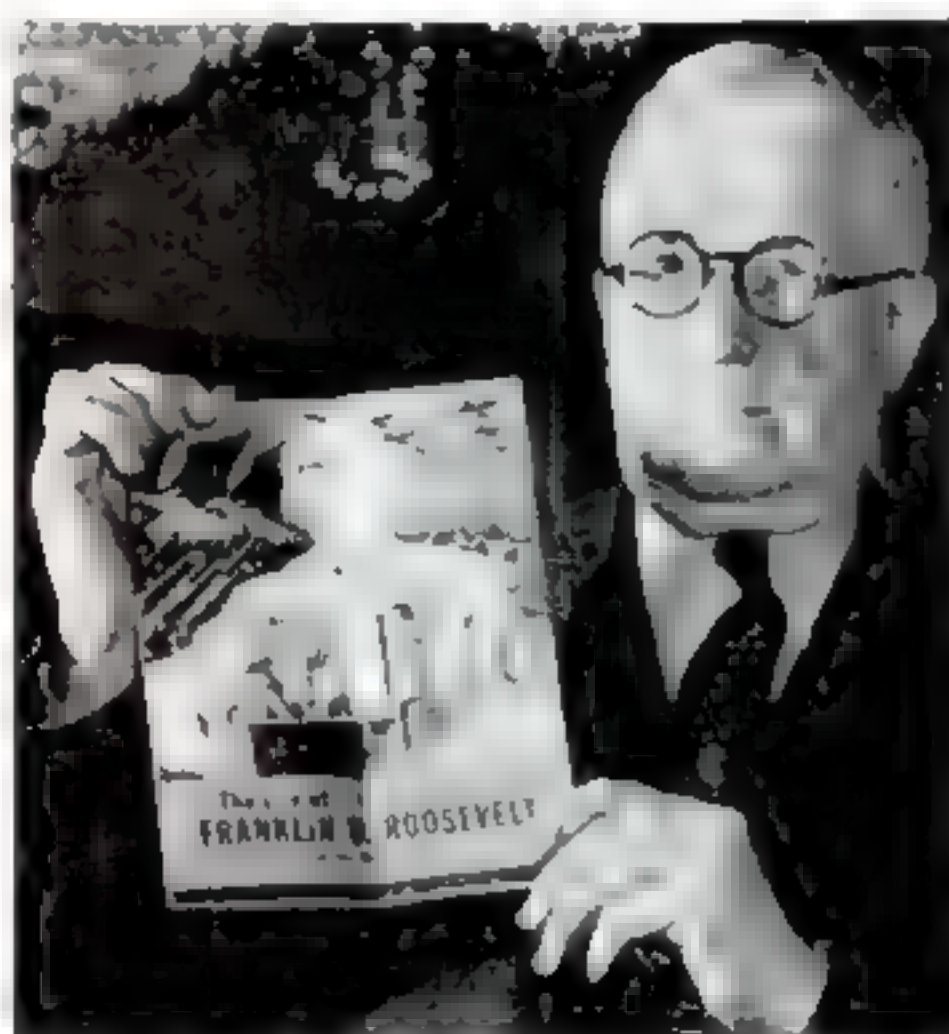
Last week Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information, went back on the air to deliver the first of a series of weekly analyses of the war. In this talk Davis skipped political warfare, but told the radio audience that on the military battlefields of the world “our side is on the offensive, strategically.” If he had tried, he could not have honestly painted such a reassuring picture of the propaganda battlefield. Nobody in Washington knew better than OWI Director Davis that he was still running a puny pushcart compared to the high-powered propaganda machine operated by the Nazis. The Overseas Branch

of the OWI spends only \$26,000,000 a year. Nazi Dr. Goebbels spends between \$250,000,000 and \$500,000,000 annually. The Chief U. S. foreign propaganda magazine *Victory*, over which a Congressional economy storm blew up last month, is but a pallid imitation of the German *Signal*. *Victory* has less than half the circulation of *Signal*, contains no terrific propaganda sock like its Nazi counterpart.

The reason for this difference in wallop can be seen in the examples of U. S. (pp. 13-15) and Axis propaganda (pp. 14-16). The OWI sticks to facts, shuns exaggerations, tries to bring the peoples of the world messages about our leaders, our war aims, our growing armed might. The Axis harangues, scoffs, falsifies, attempts to divide.

The best propaganda is based on truth but it must be forceful, inventive, consistent. In the last war Allied propaganda was so effective that it broke down German morale. But in this war the U. S. lacks a clear-cut policy in the verbal ammunition it fires at peoples of Occupied Europe, in printed promises it drops to Germans or Italians or Japs. For example, from month to month neither our propagandists nor the Axis people who receive their propaganda know for sure what American policy will be when the U. S. has won the war. On one occasion the propaganda line is that the enemy will be destroyed, the next time that conquered peoples will be clothed and fed.

If hot tempered Congressmen like Taber (left) would concentrate on getting U. S. policy-makers to forge a clear, honest and trusted foreign policy, the OWI might one day be able to wield it effectively.



Representative Taber, who is demanding investigation of the OWI, holds up a copy of the cartoon life of Roosevelt.

U. S. PROPAGANDA

The OWI slowly sharpens its words in the duel for people's beliefs

Although they are the world's masters of advertising and publicity, Americans as a people have always resented propaganda by government. Since it is now a necessary weapon of political warfare, the U. S., through the OWI, is slowly trying to master it. Their handicaps are shortages of training and funds, and the lack of a single credo, typical in a democratic nation. The Nazis have invariably employed "the strategy of terror" to invade the enemy's mind. Elmer Davis

and the OWI have been trying to counteract this with "the strategy of truth." The results, some of which are reproduced on these pages, are not always as slashing or as colorful as those of the Axis (pp. 14-16). But with typical Yankee ingenuity the OWI has added a few new propaganda wrinkles. American leaflets and pamphlets are dropped from the air over occupied areas, hidden in babies' diapers, printed on the inside of badly wanted matchboxes, or attached to a needle & thread.



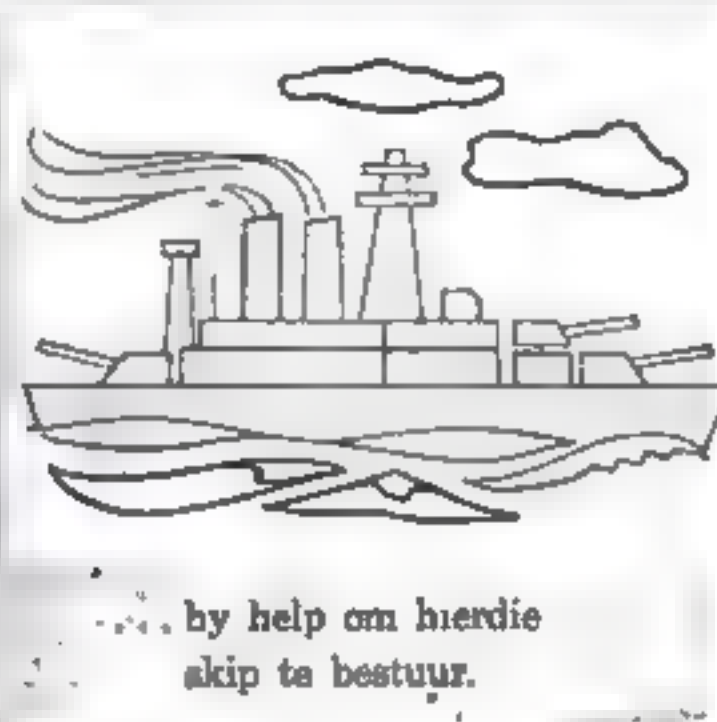
Dit is 'n soldaat in die Amerikaanse Leër .



... en dit is waarin hy veg.



Dit is 'n offisier in die Amerikaanse Vloot . . .



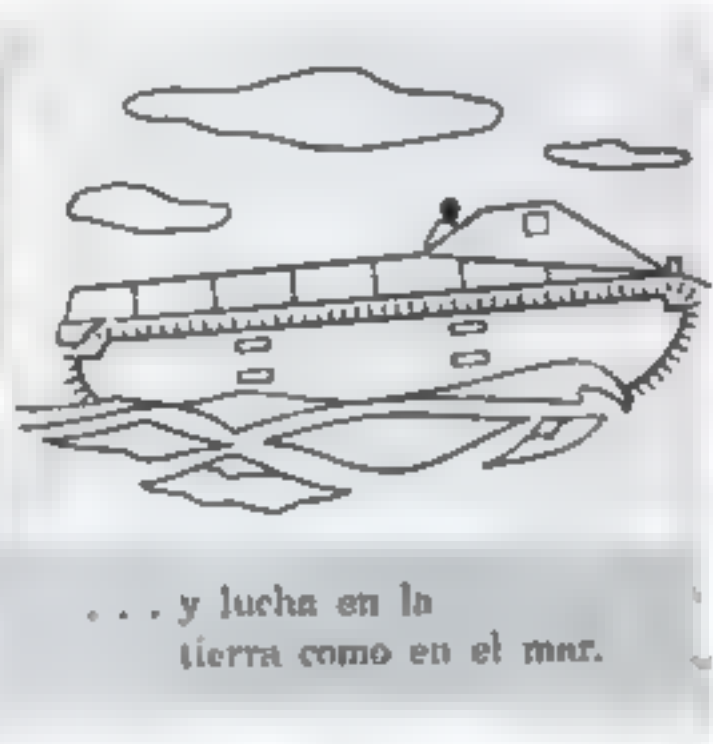
... hy help om hierdie skip te bestuur.

"John's Book" is a small children's book with pictures to color. This text in Afrikaans (Boer language) says, "This is a soldier in the American Army and the tank he drives..."

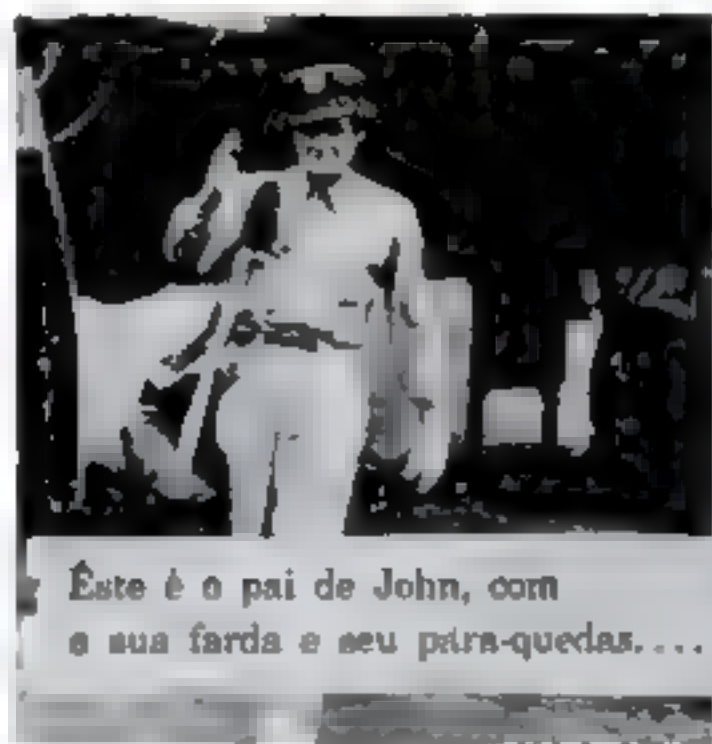
In Afrikaans the story continues: "This is an officer of the American Navy... He commands this ship on the ocean." Binding of book holds a colored pencil, scarce abroad.



Este es uno de los infantes de marina norteamericanos...



... y lucha en la tierra como en el mar.



Este é o pai de John, com a sua farda e seu para-quedas...



... é piloto de um grande bombardeiro americano como este.

Spanish version of same book introduces a Marine who "fights on land as well as sea." This book has also been translated into French and Portuguese for distribution abroad.

John's father, says legend in Portuguese, pilots an American airplane like the one shown on the right-hand page. OWI ordered only 180,798 of these books, at a cost of \$6,095.55.



Este é um operário de uma das milhares de fábricas americanas que constroem os aviões e os tanques e

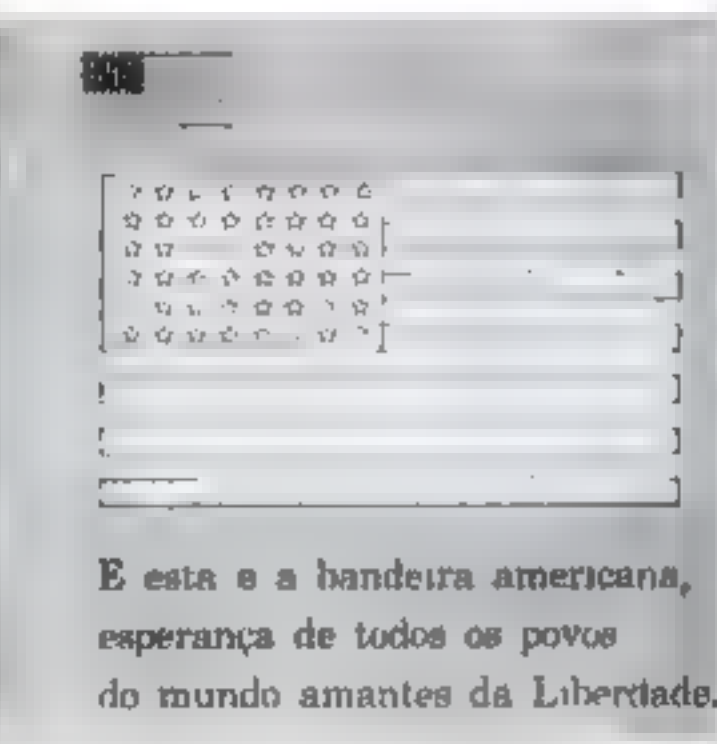


os canhões que fazem com que todos os mestres como John possam crescer em liberdade por todo o mundo.

This worker in an American factory builds planes, tanks and cannons, the text explains in Portuguese. He "releases young men like John to become free men in the whole world."



Esta é a Estrela, símbolo da Liberdade

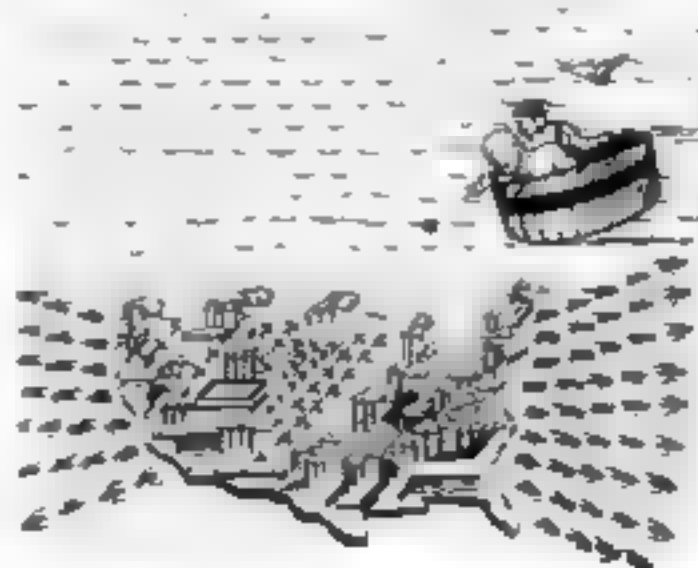


E esta é a bandeira americana, esperança de todos os povos do mundo amantes da Liberdade.

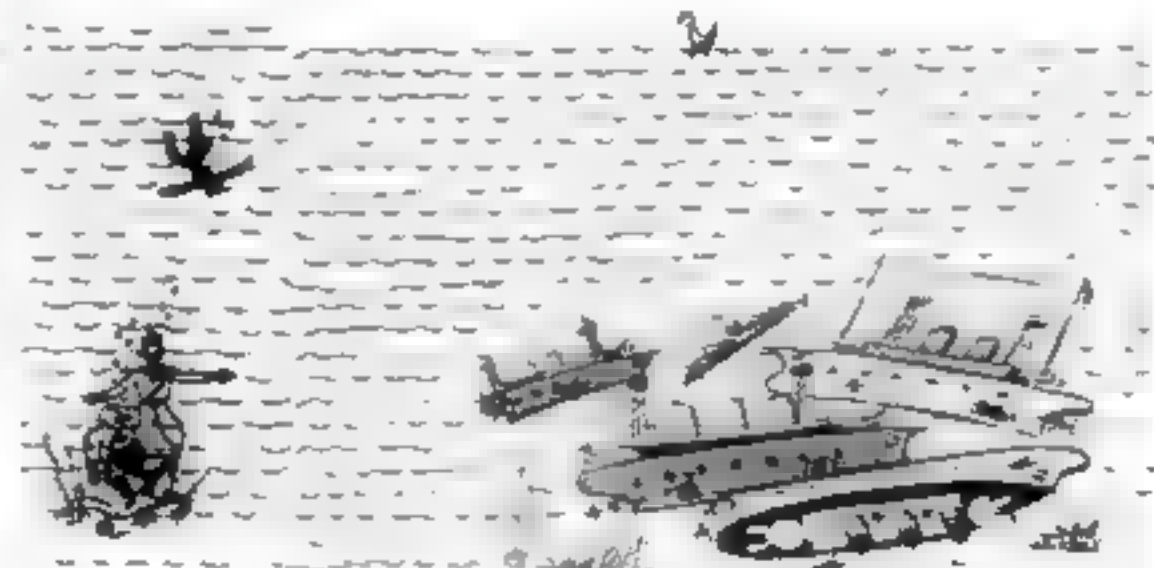
In French Version, simply-told story concludes with: "This is the star which symbolizes liberty. And here at last the American flag... the hope of all people who love liberty."



In Persian the story of Three Men in a Tub tells how the three Axis dictators squabble over living space.



Mussolini and Hitler, flying over U. S., look unbelievably at military camps, factories and ships.



Joined by Tojo, the dictators fight in the tub, upset it and end up at the bottom of the ocean where they discover the lost Italian Fleet.

AXIS PROPAGANDA

Its lies are sent around the world by a smooth, high-powered machine

Long before the war, Berlin, Rome and Tokyo perfected great, intricate and effective propaganda machines. Today the crafty men who cast the Axis line from Singapore to Valparaiso are far ahead of the U. S. They have talent, experience, almost unlimited funds and no compunctions about honesty. In 18 languages they spread their lies, fomenting hatred against the United Nations, scoffing at our war aims and our leaders. On these pages are examples of their work.

The deadliest weapon in the vast Axis propaganda arsenal is *Signal* (upper left, opposite), a German twice-a-month picture magazine patterned after LIFE. Each issue of 1,000,000 copies is translated into all major languages, distributed in 23 countries. *Signal* costs \$2,500,000 a year. The Japs have at least eight periodicals and use every journalistic line, including "cheese-cake." Nine Italian magazines boast of the peaceful, prosperous and beautiful life in sunny Fascist Italy.



"Seance in the Atlantic" is German cartoon booklet mocking aims of Churchill and Roosevelt. This drawing of them with the world is captioned: "That's really all we want!"



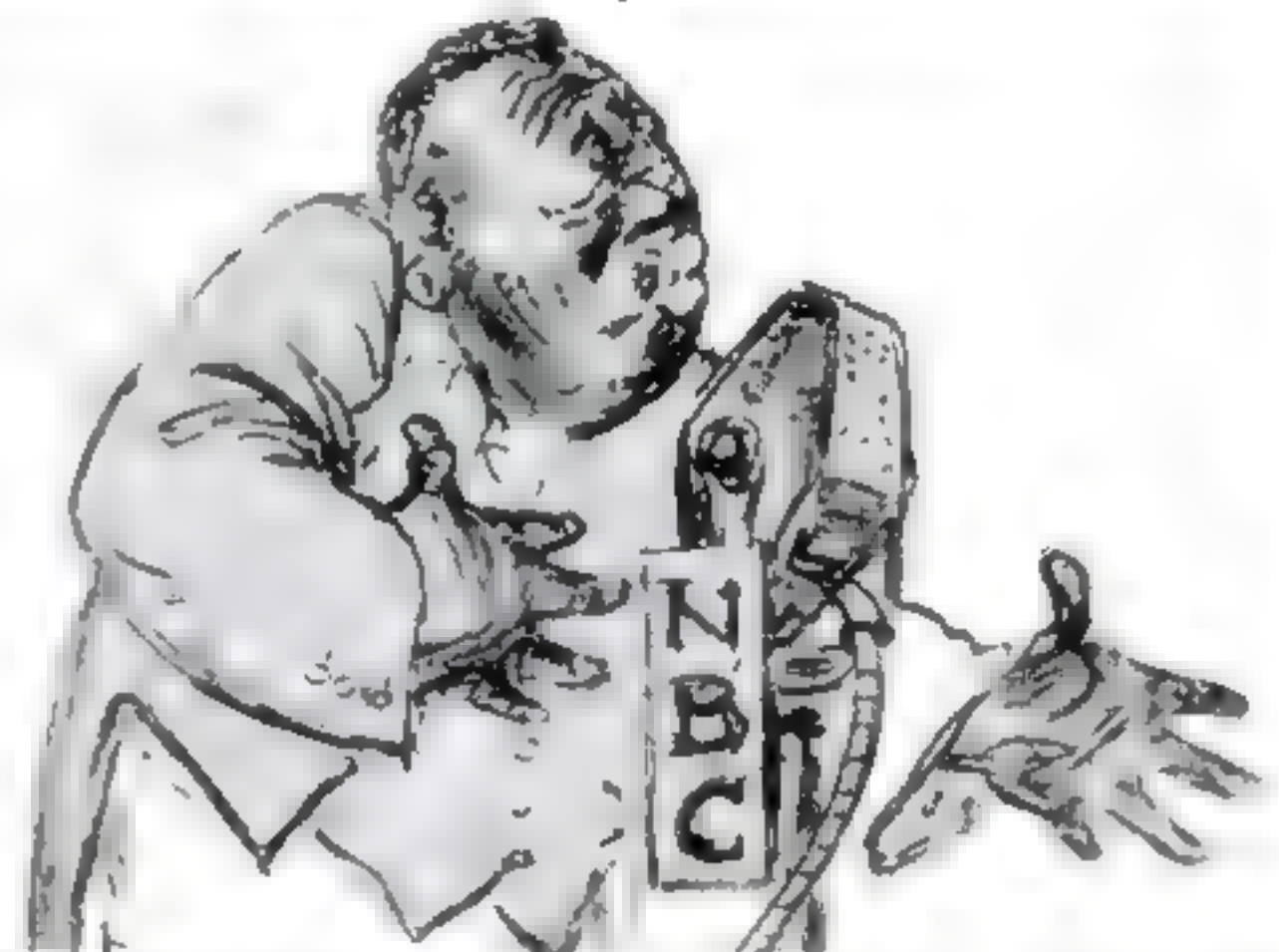
Roosevelt and Churchill at the "seance" table are joined by spirit of President Woodrow Wilson. Nazis ignore first principle of Atlantic Charter: "No territorial aggrandizement."



عبر أن دورك هذا قد أنهى الحرب فأخذت تنزل به
سرايات حرمه القسبة حتى لم يبق في وسعه أن يرسل
ولو سفينة حربية واحدة أو طراً واحداً من جنوده.

ظبط الملك جورج أن يرسل " وهو في هذا المأزق
المحرج " ووزيره إلى مدعاه المتدعب وورثه القاطن في
بلاد أمريكا الثالثة.

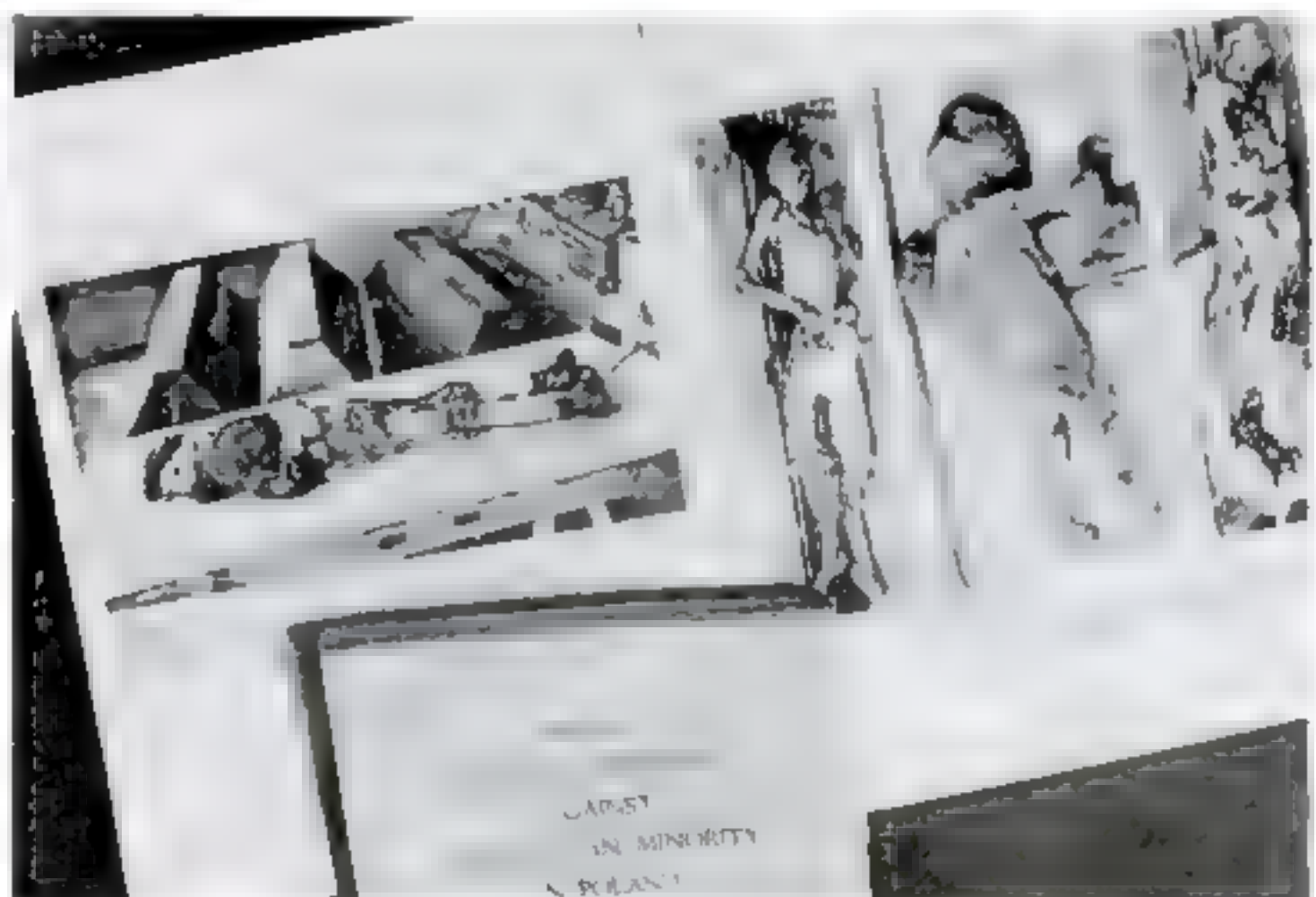
For Arabs the Nazis tell "Story of King George and His Prime Minister." Churchill crosses ocean, then sees Roosevelt to seek U. S. aid. None ever comes as Axis sinks all U. S. ships.



Negro problem in U. S. is exploited by caricature of Paul Robeson, singing of democracy. Germans use "Master Race" propaganda at home, then accuse U. S. of discrimination.



"Breaking the Chains" is a handsomely illustrated book in Arabic attacking British imperialism. Drawings show supposed British concentration camps and jails in Palestine.



Polish atrocity book purports to be authentic "medical" record, contains page after page of similar horrors. Nazis thus seek to obscure their own record of mass murders in Poland.



COWBOY DIPLOMACY

YOUR IDEA OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY WILL DEPEND ON WHICH SPOKESMAN YOU LISTEN TO

The history of U. S. foreign policy is a record of ambiguities, inconsistencies and paradoxes. The historian could find any number of examples. Traditionally, for instance, we have been against land-grabbing; yet relatively few people have ever grabbed so much valuable land. Some years ago we accused the British of being appeasers at Munich; yet we outdid them tenfold in our own fatal appeasement of Japan. It is impossible even to line up the political parties on foreign policy. Recent debates have proceeded on the assumption that the Republican Party is traditionally isolationist, the Democratic Party internationalist; yet any historian knows that this assumption is wholly untenable. In 1901 a great American said, "Isolation is no longer possible or desirable." And this great American was a hell of a Democrat—he was President William McKinley. In the campaign of 1900 the Democrats were the isolationists.

A policy is a commitment to a set of principles or a line of action. It should to a certain extent be predictable, both by those who practice it and by others. And in this sense a foreign policy ought to meet some simple standards. It ought to be *clear* so that all can understand it. It ought to be *forthright* so that all can trust it. Though subject to change it ought to be *continuous*. And this means, finally, that within reasonable limits it ought to be *bipartisan*. The Monroe Doctrine is the closest the U. S. has ever come to meeting these conditions in a major foreign policy. Most of our diplomacy has been unprovided by successive administrations as they rose—and fell. And much of it has been based upon pure expediency—a policy of having no policy at all. The twofold result has been very sad. On the one hand, the world never knows what to expect from the U. S. On the other, the U. S. never knows what to expect of itself.

Breeder of Wars

The U. S. is now engaged in creating a very large military establishment. In terms of infantry divisions this force will be modest, as pointed out week before last. But in terms of other decisive factors—airpower, seapower, industrial production, natural resources—it will be second to none in the world. Probably by 1945 we, the peace-lovers could become the greatest military people of all time. And to win, maybe we'll have to.

But clearly a nation of such power, whether actual or potential, cannot hope to remain at peace with an ambiguous foreign policy. If foreign offices are in doubt concerning American policy they will be uncertain concerning their own. Expediency in the U. S. will breed expediency everywhere. With this

result: not Europe, not Germany, not Japan, but we ourselves, the little old U. S. A., would then become the cause of the world's uncertainty—and hence, of its wars.

Milk Bottles—And All

Almost everything in the present conduct of our foreign affairs is headed in this direction. From Mr. Roosevelt down, everybody in the Government has a foreign policy—his own. The result is that the U. S. has none. One day Mr. Knox, treading on the tender baby toes of the United Nations, makes a big fight talk for American naval supremacy in the Pacific. Okay, then, let's get tough. But Mr. Wallace advocates that we preach and practice the gospel of Jesus Christ. Well, that's right, too. Possibly there is no insoluble conflict between Mr. Knox's brimstone and Mr. Wallace's brotherhood—but, if not, why doesn't somebody state the solution? This kind of cowboy diplomacy has led Mr. Welles (our most professional diplomat) a merry chase. Within a couple of weeks the white-hot Mr. Welles has had to correct, amend, amplify, or disavow the Secretary of the Navy, a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee (Warren G. Magnuson), the Ambassador to Spain (Carlton Hayes) and the Ambassador to Russia (Admiral Standley). Mr. Welles is conceivably fed up with this monkey-business. Our foreign policy, he thinks, should be based, "not upon emotional altruism nor sentimental aspiration," but upon our practical self-interest.

Which is, however, what? Just how was it to our practical self-interest to arm Japan while she was making war on China? And how is it to our practical self-interest now to imply that we are giving quite a lot of aid to China, whereas we are in fact sending her almost nothing? The plain man would like to know just how it is to our practical self-interest to heap praise (as Ambassador Hayes did) on the Spanish Falangists; or to express satisfaction (as the State Department did) in our duplicity in backing the shabby men of Vichy; or to turn the government of North Africa over to that five-ring fascist circus that Mr. Murphy has so enthusiastically put together. Sometimes the plain man may be pardoned for feeling that, in the light of the State Department's idea of "self-interest," the most practical policy so far suggested is Mr. Wallace's Christianity—milk bottles and all.

Into the Vacuum

The result of our cowboy diplomacy has been a failure to give reality to the concept of a United Nations. And this in turn has created a great vacuum in U. S. foreign policy, a great, dark, empty, pressureless space

capable of sucking almost anything into it— isolationism, imperialism, expediency, the germs of future wars. Those responsible for our foreign policy are exposing the American people to the awful danger of fighting this war for nothing in return.

One hopeful fact is that the people are beginning to feel this danger. Thousands, if not millions, of Americans are in search of a foreign policy. Planning and discussion groups are springing up all over the land. Committees, foundations, universities, even private business firms have plunged into the problem. And while the answers are various, and often none too practical, the result must surely be an education of the voters rarely equaled in our history.

Another hopeful fact is that the Republican Party is stirring from its long foreign policy sleep. Progressive Republican leaders are struggling toward something new. For instance, men like Wadsworth in the House and Austin in the Senate clearly understand the *bipartisan* nature of a true foreign policy. Wendell Willkie braved the enmity of half his party in his search for a bipartisan base, and his realization of the need for a true foreign policy propelled him around the world to talk to the big statesmen in person. Recently, out of the Midwest, there has come the strong voice of Harold Stassen, who has not hesitated to meet head-on the toughest issue of all—the limitation of U. S. sovereignty for the purpose of building a strong international organization.

The Republicans, however, and all the amateurs, are running the same danger as the Administration. There are too many foreign policies—everybody has one except the U. S. The urgent need now is to bring together the facts, the principles, the hopes, the opinions—to weld them into something for which Americans can stand and of which they can be proud. And indeed a means for doing this, or starting it, has already been suggested. Some weeks ago Representative Dirksen of Illinois introduced a concurrent resolution for the formation of a joint Congressional committee to study the peace. This committee, as planned by its able author, would build up a small technical staff and proceed to an intensive study and public review of all the various proposals that are now sweeping the country. It would thus perform an enormous educational job, both in Congress and for the nation at large. It would provide a platform where various advocates could test their ideas against actual political (instead of merely theoretical) standards. And it would almost certainly speed up the development of a policy on which the world—and we ourselves—could rely.

Mr. Dirksen's resolution is now before the Rules Committee. Let's get it out. Let's go.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On trial for high treason in Pretoria, South Africa, was Sydney Robey Leibbrandt, ace saboteur landed by U-boat two years ago. He was photographed by LIFE Photographer Robert Landry leaving the

court, surrounded by followers also on trial. Last week Leibbrandt was sentenced to death. Two men behind him, Steelworker Frans Joseph Oltwagen and University Lecturer Lodewikus Jacobus La

Roux, each got five years. In jail Leibbrandt had taught La Roux boxing, blacked his eye. The trial had cast a shadow on South Africa's five political parties that oppose the war or support Hitler.

ARMY GENERAL DENIED BY TRIAL OF HIGH TREASON

ARMY GENERAL DENIED BY TRIAL OF HIGH TREASON

ARMY GENERAL DENIED BY TRIAL OF HIGH TREASON



"COOLIDGE'S" END

Navy photographs show how
4,000 troops made the shore

Three months ago the Navy announced the sinking of the U. S. Army transport, 21,936-ton *President Coolidge*, one-time Pacific luxury liner, somewhere in remote tropical waters. At that time details of the sinking were lacking—save that the *Coolidge* had hit a mine and, amazingly, that only two out of approximately 4,000 troops aboard were lost. On March 8 official Navy photographs of the big transport's last moments explained these happily low casualty figures.

Close to the shores of a nameless tropic isle when the Jap-sown mine shattered its hull, the *Coolidge* had been promptly and skilfully grounded by Captain Henry Nelson on sustaining shelves of a coastal reef. Here the listing transport clung long enough to permit its complement of troops to clamber down ropes into the warm salt waters. About 200 yards separated the stranded *Coolidge* from shore, and across this stretch, those who missed lifeboats successfully swam (*below*).



LIKE DUNKERQUE IN REVERSE, THOUSANDS OF TROOPS SWARM UP THE SHELVEING SANDS OF A SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND AS THE "COOLIDGE" VANISHES IN A SWIRL OF WHITE WATER



↑ **The spectacle of disaster** silences and fills with awe the ship's survivors. Standing in packed lifeboats and on rafts, men of the *Cowdray* pause to watch last moments of the great ship as it sprawls abram, slides from the reef and settles slowly in shoal waters.

In well-ordered succession, soldiers scramble down nets and knotted ropes into the water and then strike out for the nearby shore. Completed in 1931 and a veteran of many Pacific crossings, the *Cowdray* was tenth U.S. transport sunk in World War II.





HAM AND EGG SHOW

Negro farmers vie for prizes,
learn how to produce more food

In the warm, sleepy little town of Fort Valley, Ga. last fortnight, Negro farmers from all over Peach and Houston Counties got together for their 28th Annual Ham and Egg Show. The two-day event had its usual carefree hours filled with laughing, singing, dancing and storytelling. But this year, more than normally, the farmers had serious problems on their minds as they compared methods of increasing food production. The keynote speech at the show was delivered by Negro County Agent Otis Samuel O'Neal, 54, grandson of a slave, who conceived the idea for the Ham and Egg Show in 1917 to stimulate hog and poultry raising. O'Neal, who knows every farmer in Peach and Houston Counties, brought home to his audience the vital role of the small farmer in winning the war. He kept pounding away at two points: the need for greater crop diversification and the importance of farmers staying on their land instead of throwing down the plow for well-paid war-plant jobs.

The picture on the opposite page shows O'Neal delivering his address. He is standing just behind a home-cured and smoked pig. Over his head and on the stand in front of him are displayed more than 300 fine, meaty, juicy hams produced by farmers in O'Neal's territory.

Even some of the entertainment this year had a war-time message including the 4-H pageant and the show's theme song: *Roosevelt and Hitler: Bus (Buster) Ezell's Wartime Song*, or, *Strange Things Are Happening in the Land*. This typical verse emphasizes reasons why greater production is necessary:

*"Roosevelt with Hitler
He tried to live in peace.
But Hitler he's destroyin',
Every vessel he could see.
He's treatin' us so mean
With his dreadful submarines,
There are strange things a-happenin' in this land."*



Pageant produced by 4-H Club stressed importance of food for victory. Uncle Sam (Alphonsa Jessie) urges O.P.A. (Emily

Jones) to slash Prices (Pearlie Brown) with a knife. Another scene depicted an argument among a mule, a hog and a hen.



Second prize goes to Major Amica, a leading farmer of Peach County, for 19-lb. ham. He is veteran ham-show prizewinner.



Display shows amount of farm products needed to feed one soldier during one month. Major Amica adds a side of bacon.



First prize of \$20 went to James Miller for his 19½-lb. ham from Poland China hog which weighed 212 lb. when killed.



SMOKE BELCHES FROM VOLCANO (LAVA AT LEFT)



THE VOLCANO SUDDENLY GOES DEAD FOR ONE-MINUTE PAUSE



IT BEGINS AGAIN WITH AN EXPLOSIVE BURST OF HOT ROCK

VOLCANO IS BORN

Hot lava makes a mountain and river of stone on Mexico's Michoacán sierra

Until Feb. 20 the scene on the opposite page was a level, tranquil field a mile south of the Indian town of Parangaricutiro in Mexico's State of Michoacán. Just as night fell that day the field blew up. By the third day there was a thriving little volcano a hundred feet high exploding at regular 5-second intervals and getting bigger all the time. A column of smoke rose 6,000 ft. straight up. The crater belched out gusts of red-hot rock and smoke, the rock rising sometimes 2,000 ft. Earthquakes shook the whole area of the

Michoacán sierra south of the lake country. And slowly from the trough down one side of the volcano, there spilled out a wide, creeping band of hot lava.

The pictures on these pages show the lava stream while it is still in motion. The alarmed citizens of Parangaricutiro pleaded with their priest to remove the statue of the Miraculous Christ of San Juan. Finally it was removed but the lava flow did not reach the town. Presently the new volcano will calm down, cool off and someday cattle will graze in the crater mouth.

ACROSS THE FERTILE FIELDS OF MICHOCACAN, DOTTED WITH MANY A DEAD VOLCANO, CREEPS THE SLOWLY ADVANCING EDGE OF SMOKING LAVA (RIGHT), WIPING OUT WHOLE FARMS





SMOKING LAVA SPILLS DOWN THE SIDES
OF A BRAND-NEW VOLCANO IN MEXICO



U. S. FLAG HANGS AT HALF-MAST OUTSIDE WINDOW OF J. P. MORGAN'S OWN OFFICE AT 23 WALL STREET. ACROSS THE STREET, STOCK EXCHANGE FLAG IS ALSO AT HALF-MAST

HOUSE OF MORGAN MOURNS ITS HEAD

On March 13 an unwelcome snow blew through the streets at the corner of Broad and Wall in New York City. Few wind-beaten walkers looked up over the entrance of 23 Wall Street to see the flag at half-mast. The House of Morgan, whose financial whispers for decades had roared like thunder through the business world, was mourning the passing of its head.

John Pierpont Morgan had died that morning of a heart attack in Boca Grande, Florida. He was 75.

Thirty years ago, his father's death had made him senior partner in J. P. Morgan & Co. Quieter but no less strong-minded than his father, J. P. Morgan held at one time the financial strings of a vast industrial empire. Times changed and in 1940 J. P. Morgan & Co., having already given up its underwriting business, incorporated itself. An era was fading fast. The flag outside Mr. Morgan's office marked the passing of a great symbol of that sometimes great era.

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down!

JACK KELLY
SEAMAN, TWICE TORPEDOED
IS BACK AT SEA

Twice, Jack Kelly heard the ear-splitting explosion of a torpedo ripping into his ship. Each time his tanker was lost. Each time he was picked up later by a life boat.

But twice wasn't too much for Kelly. Like many another Socony-Vacuum tanker seaman torpedoed a number of times—Kelly went back for more!

When you picture oil-soaked Jack Kelly being dragged aboard a life boat, your own lot as a

civilian doesn't seem so tough.

One of the reasons motorists don't mind so much doing with less gasoline is the realization of what the tanker crews go through to get oil to them and the armed forces. They are among the unsung heroes of the war.

Unswerving loyalty to their work makes us proud not only of all these Jack Kellys, but also of all the 38,000 Socony-Vacuum people at their wartime jobs.

Their record is sensational in the minimum of work hours lost.

In time of peace our people work to make the company behind the Red Horse Sign U.S.A.'s foremost oil company—and give you better motoring. Today, in time of war, they are giving their utmost in service and in products to our country... and to you.

SOCONY VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of California.



Mobilgas

SOCONY VACUUM

TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING—Blue Network
Coast-to-Coast, 10 P.M., E.W.T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

In Peace or War— The Sign of Friendly Service Serves America Well!



Why the four real roses in the cocktail shaker?
To emphasize that Four Roses in your Manhattans
makes the finest cocktails you ever tasted!



FOUR ROSES

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whis-
kies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers,
Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*



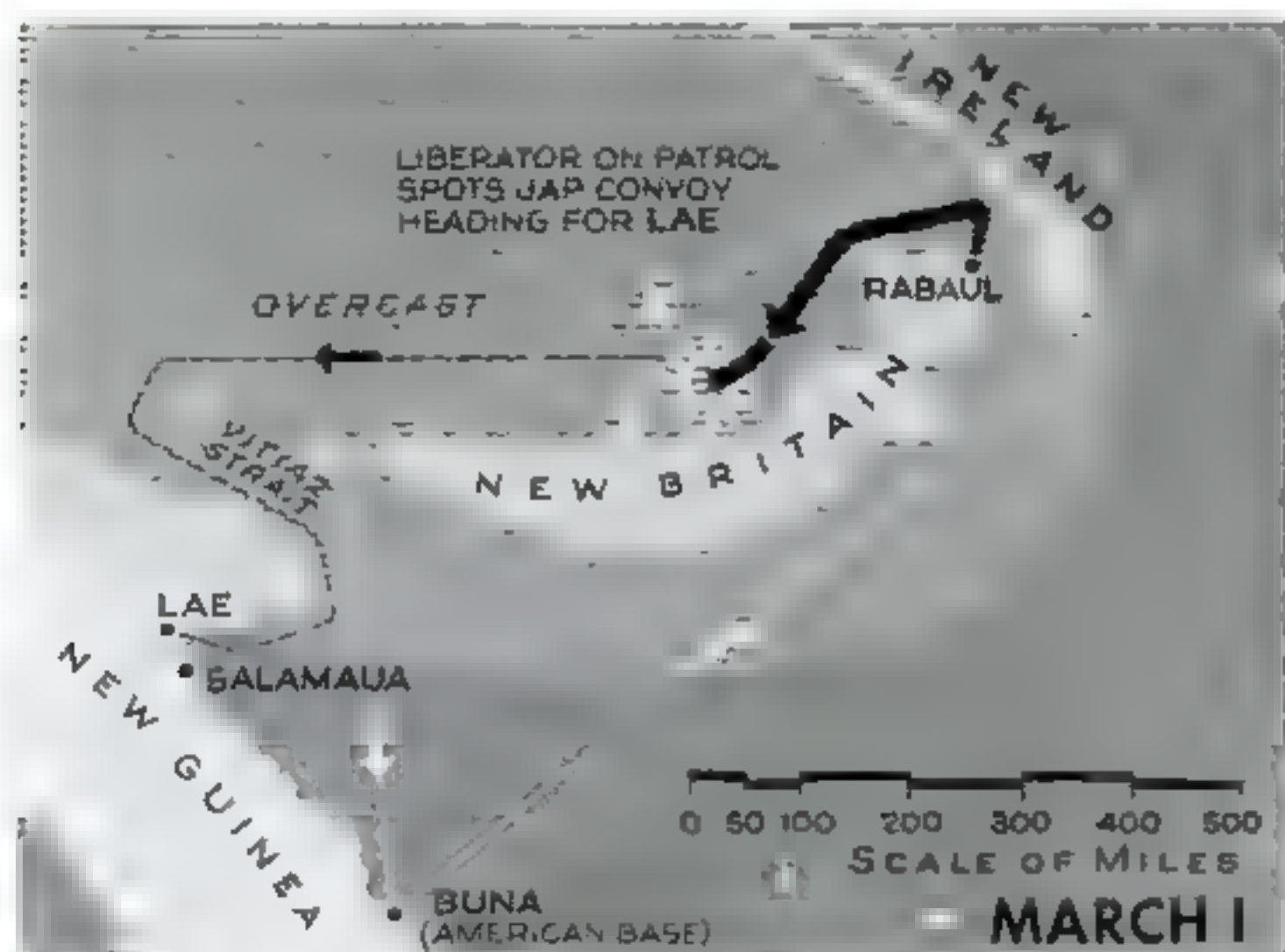
AMERICAN B-27 "SKIP-BOMBS" A JAP FREIGHTER. THE BOMB HAS A DELAYED ACTION FUSE, WHICH ENABLES IT TO SKIP ON THE WATER AND HIT THE SHIP BEFORE EXPLODING

U.S. VICTORY IN THE BISMARCK SEA

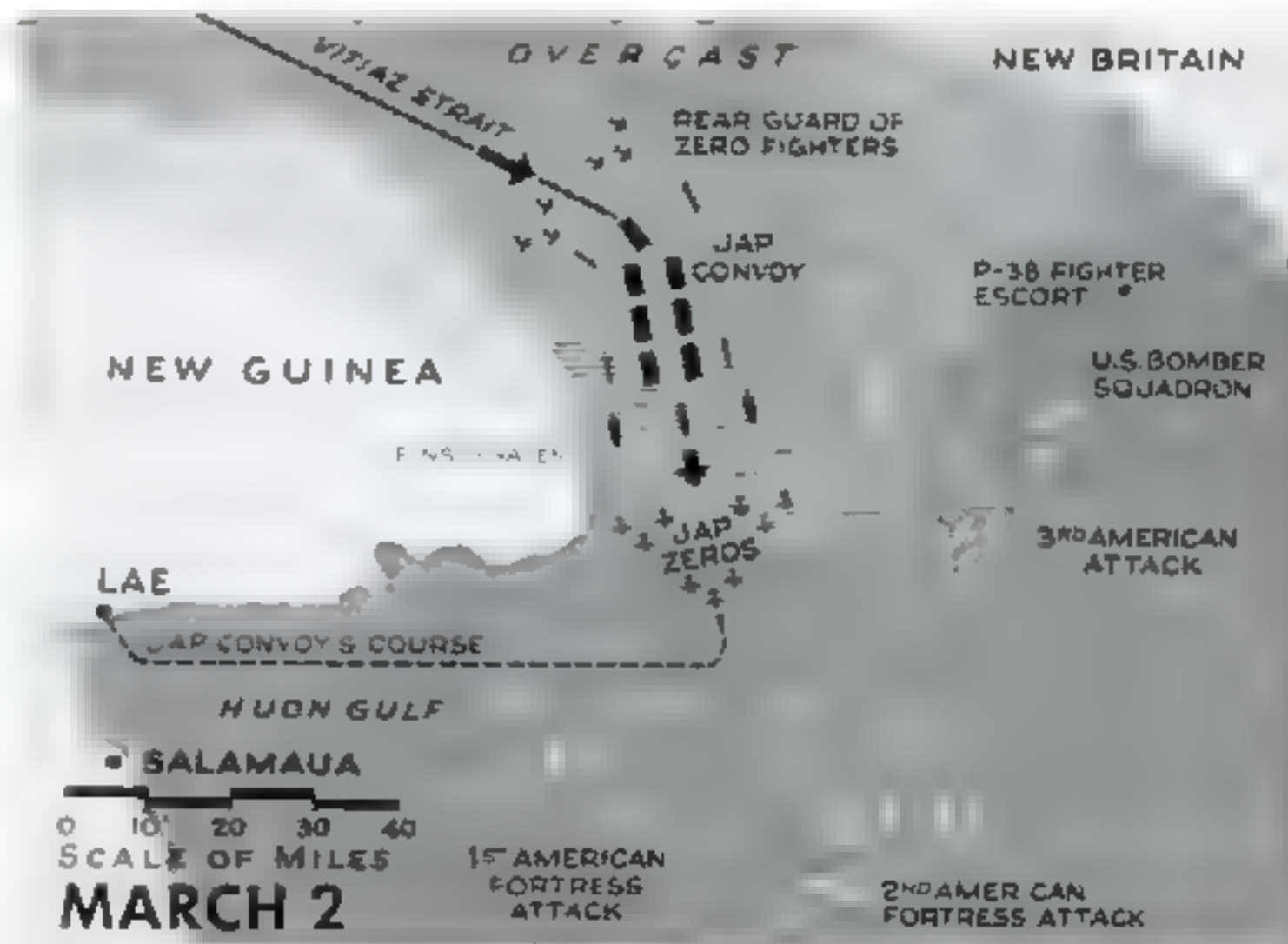
The Battle of the Bismarck Sea was the war's most decisive victory of land-based airpower over sea-power. Under cover of a storm carefully predicted in advance by Jap meteorologists, 22 Jap ships slipped out from Rabaul, edged down the coast of New Britain toward Lae. What happened after they were spotted by a patrolling American B-24 is shown in the diagrams below and on the next page. When the battle was over, all 22 Jap ships had been sunk and 95 fighters destroyed at a cost of only four Allied planes.

Last week the victor of the Bismarck Sea, Lieut. General George C. Kenney (*see cover*), flew to Washington to explain how he had wrought his latest miracle. As Allied Air Forces Commander under MacArthur, Kenney has beaten off Jap aerial attacks on Australia and its approaches, bombed Jap bases to the north and, in New Guinea, supplied an entire Allied campaign with troops, ammunition, hospitals, guns and food—all carried in by air. In addition, he is inventor of the highly destructive parachute bomb.

Kenney has continually improved the bombing techniques of his fliers. At first, they flew high for daylight precision bombing. When this proved not too effective against moving ships, he had them come in at masthead height. Latest technique is "buzz" or "skip-bombing." As in drawing above, his bombers come in low, skip bombs on the water. The bombs in turn bounce off the sides of enemy ships, explode underwater where they do the most harm. At the Bismarck Sea, Kenney's fliers used all available methods.



American Liberator bomber spots Jap convoy of 14 ships sneaking along New Britain coast under protection of overcast weather. A lucky break in clouds enables B-24 to spot them.



First attack on the convoy is made the next day by three waves of Flying Fortresses and Liberators, supported by Lightning fighter planes. Four Jap ships are sunk or badly damaged.

Loose Talk can cost Lives!



"She just seemed like a nice girl to me"

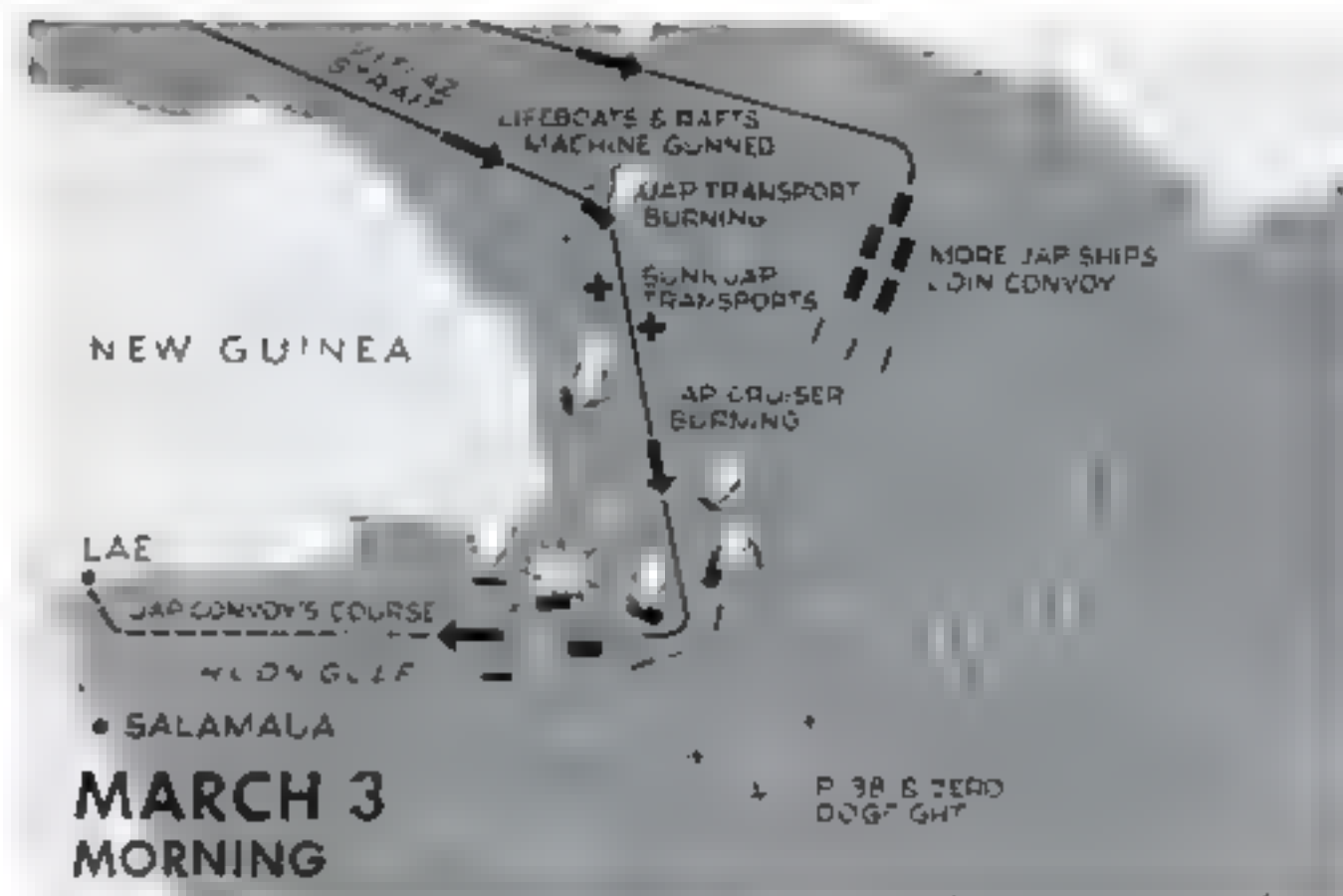
Keep it under your STETSON



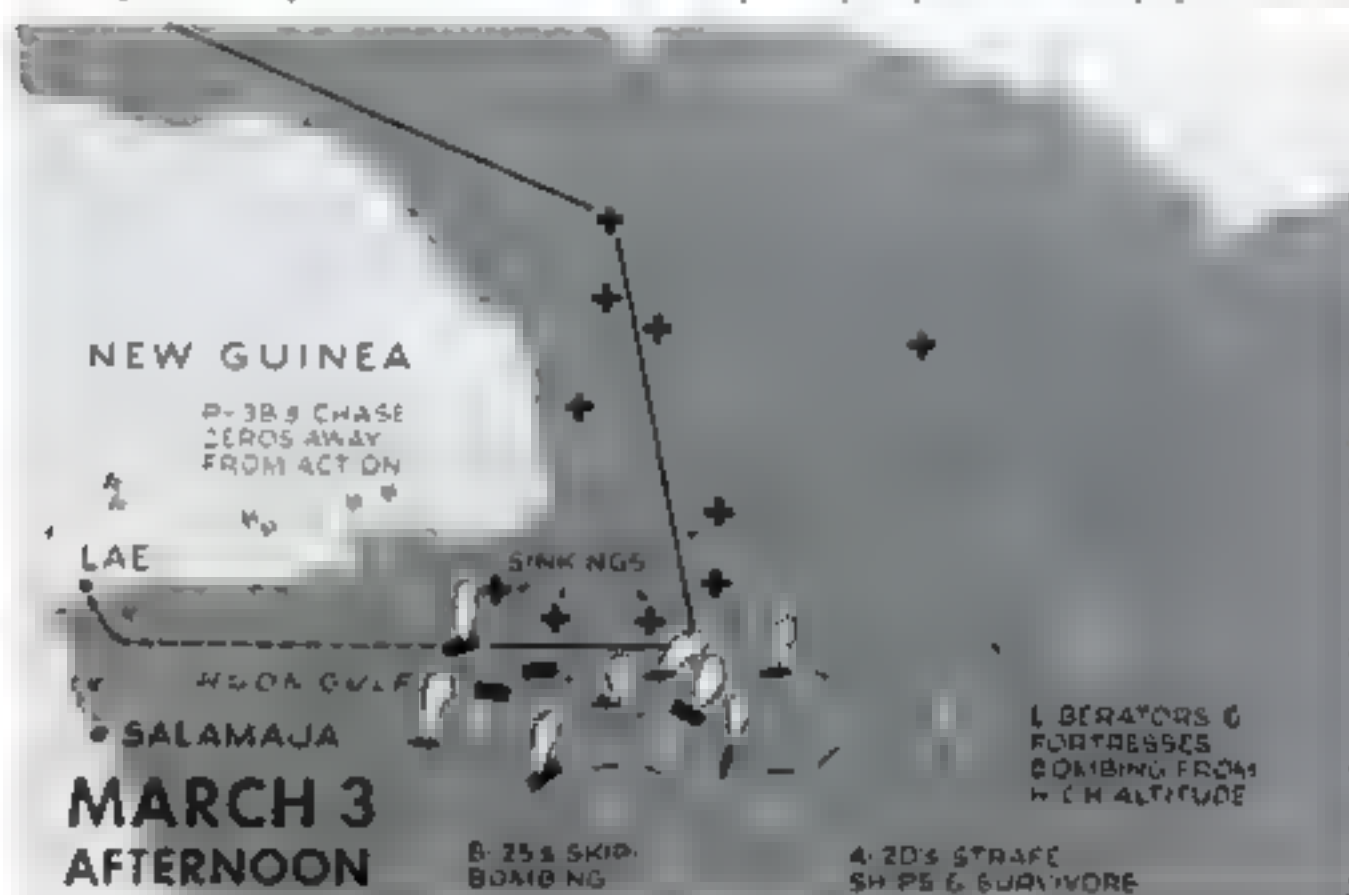
Stetson "Whippet" ...bound edge, medium brim, and a fine, medium tapered shape to the crown.
Rich felt made light and springy by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt® Process...\$10.
**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

STETSON HATS FOR MEN, \$5 TO \$25 • FOR WOMEN, \$5.95 AND UP • ALSO MADE IN CANADA

U. S. Victory in Bismarck Sea (continued)



In for the kill under clear weather, morning of March 3, go B-25's and Australian Beaufighters. Ships are hit hard while more Jap troop ships and warships join convoy.



Six waves of U. S. planes keep up attack during the afternoon, including A-20's, B-25's and B-17's. Destroyers and transports are sunk while P-38's beat off Zeros.



Mapping up begins on March 4 when B-17's and P-38's go out to strafe Jap boats and finish off two destroyers still afloat. Other U. S. planes raid the Jap airfield at Lae.



Final results on March 5 find not a single ship of Jap convoy afloat. Against a Jap loss of 15,000 troops and thousands of sailors, the Allies have lost only twelve men.



*Lift up your eyes
to something good*

OVERHEAD you hear the steady, reassuring drone of mighty engines.

You look—and drawing its sure beeline across the sky is a giant bomber with four engines and twin rudders, evidence of America's growing air might.

You won't see that sight as often as our fighting men do, or our enemies. Most of the B-24's being built in this country promptly move overseas where they can do the work that gives them their name, the "Liberator."

But watching their record on the fighting fronts, we're mighty proud to have had a part in putting this big ship in the air, for the "Liberator" is powered by Buick-built engines.

Buick skill, Buick precision, Buick craftsmanship built the Pratt & Whitney engines that pull those wings through the sky—and are building plenty more every month.

But that isn't the important thing. What counts is—those engines are there—those planes are there—and have been for months.

And we'll leave it to you to judge, from what you read about the B-24 "Liberator," if they aren't doing the kind of job you've come to expect of Buick.

 **BETTER BUY BONDS**
Let your dollars
lend a hand

war goods
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



ASSEMBLY LINE OF HINDUSTAN AIRCRAFT NEAR BANGALORE, MYSORE, TURNS OUT HARLOW TRAINERS. COMPANY HAS TRAINED 12,000 NATIVE WORKERS, RUNS NIGHT SCHOOL.

AMERICAN MAKES PLANES IN INDIA

In the industrial desert of India, American enterprise has produced a new first-class airplane factory, shown for the first time in these pages. It is William Pawley's Hindustan Aircraft Ltd. and naturally it is in India's most progressive state, Mysore, which has plenty of electric power, steel and semiskilled labor. This one plant saves the U. S. and Britain millions of tons of shipping space in their effort to supply air power to the continent of Asia. Its very existence is a total surprise to most Americans.

Its founder and president, William Douglas Pawley (see right), is the same American mystery man who agitated the famous Flying Tigers into existence. For seven years he

owned China's only plane factory and sold China \$30,000,000 worth of planes and service. When the Japanese last bombed his plant near the border of Burma, he had already moved the machinery and equipment out to Mysore. He is also president of International Aviation Corp., in New York, which sold its Florida plant to Vultee last autumn. The factory in Mysore assembles Vultee and Curtiss type ships and produces Harlow trainers. In a little less than two years it has equipped itself to repair any type of American plane and has dug out a channel for flying saucers. William Pawley's star is far from being at the right place a few minutes before the right time has come richly again for the United Nations.



HINDUSTAN'S WILLIAM D. PAWLEY



American staff is presided over by president Britton in back row. Sir John Higgins, fourth man from left, is chief of British Air Force. Left of him is William Pawley.



Indian staff is recruited from the United States Air Force in Mysore, where training is free. The staff is composed of 100 men, 100 women, and 100 children.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

These are the things we are fighting for



... a child's right to a happy, laughing,
carefree childhood

*Some day we will again be making the Community®
Silverware you love, but now all our skills and facilities
are being devoted to the war that must be fought and
won. Meanwhile, in messages like this, we try to express
the things for which America is fighting.*

®TRADEMARK



ARMY-NAVY "E" AWARDED
TO ONEIDA LTD.

COPYRIGHT 1943, ONEIDA LTD.



[illegible]

12 oz. of Print serves 1

[illegible]

PREM IS

PREM IS
Sugar-cured

THEY'RE hearty good eating in this Prem casserole . . . with meat and most famous sugar-cured ham.

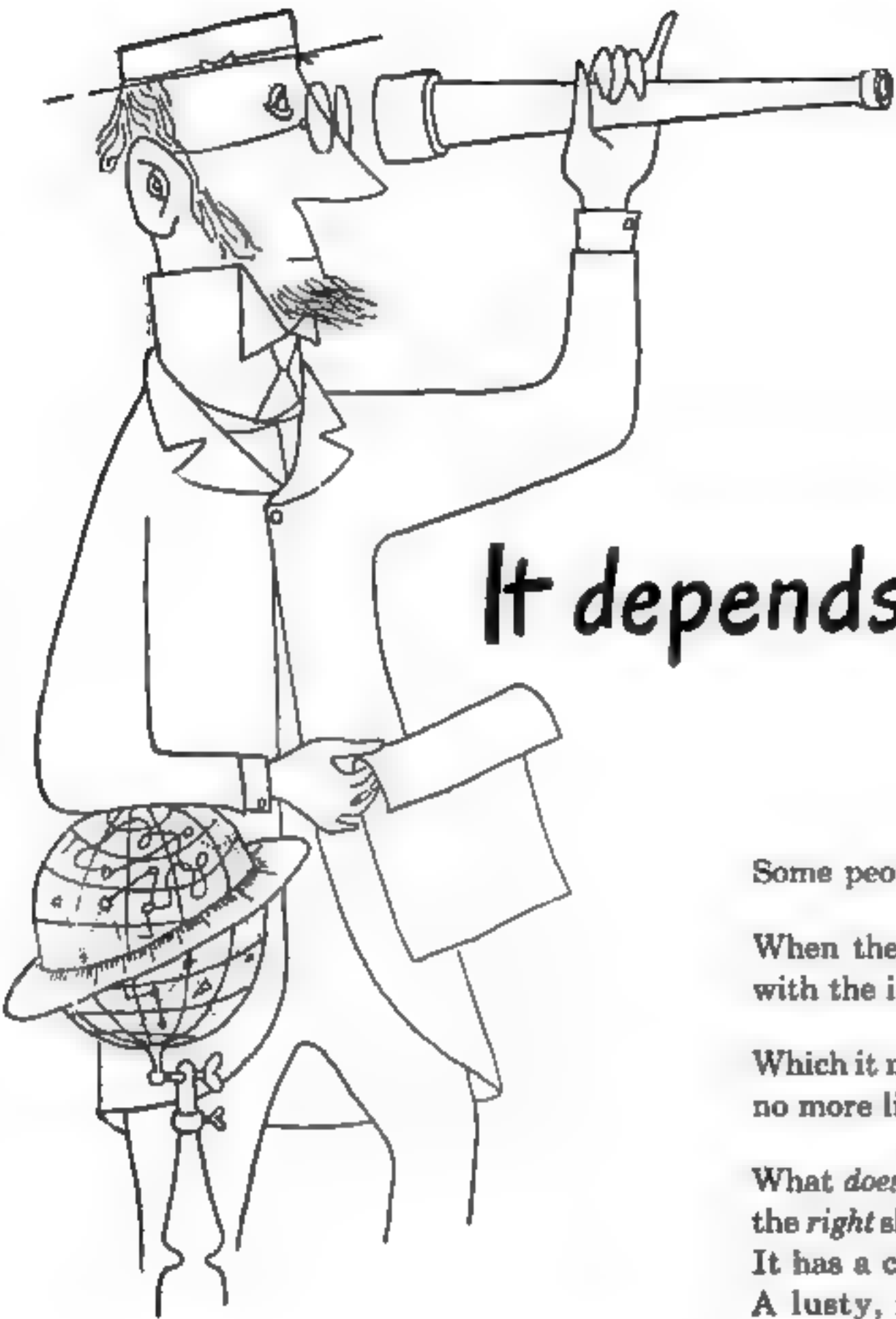


In addition, Prem gives you four important wartime helps: (1) *It* meat, no waste, it stretches your meat allowance. (2) *Ready-to-eat*, it conserves your time. (3) *Thirsty*, it saves you money. (4) *Providing food energy, strength-building proteins, and valuable B complex vitamins*, it is highly nutritious.

SWIFT & COMPANY, PURVEYORS OF FINE FOODS

A black and white photograph showing a group of people standing in front of a large, low-profile building, possibly a hangar or industrial structure, with a large aircraft visible in the background. The image is somewhat faded and has a grainy texture.

Head men are (from left) 23-year-old Maharajah of Mysore, President William Pawley and Board Chairman Sir John Higgins, ex-Air Vice Marshal. In next group come E. P. Pawley and the Prime Minister of Mysore. Plane is a Dutch Catalina.



It depends on how you look at it...

Some people have the wrong slant on Postum.

When they try it for the first time, they try it with the idea that it's going to taste like coffee.

Which it most distinctly does *not*! Postum tastes no more like coffee than coffee tastes like tea.

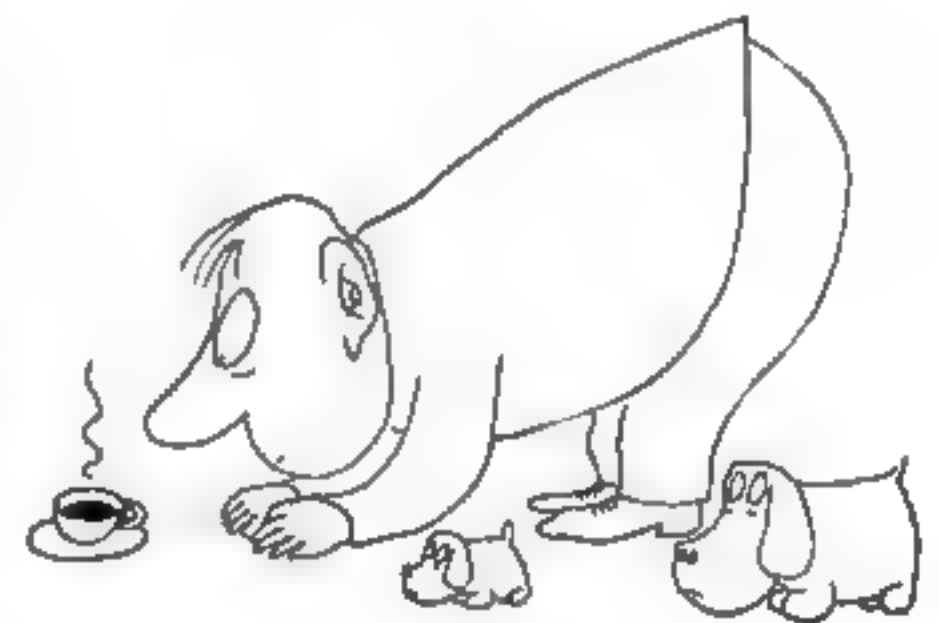
What *does* Postum taste like? Well, to give you the *right* slant on it—Postum tastes like Postum. It has a corking good flavor that's *all its own*! A lusty, invigorating flavor that's a heart-warmer to everyone who tries it.



Millions of regular Postum drinkers recognize it as one of America's great mealtime drinks. The whole family enjoys it, too, because there's not a bit of harm in it.

And Postum's especially appreciated these days of tea, coffee, and cocoa shortages... *and* limited budgets (economical—costs less than $\frac{1}{2}\epsilon$ a cup). You can get Postum in two forms—Postum Cereal, which you boil, percolate or drip, and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by simply adding boiling water.

P. S. Tune in The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, sponsored by Postum.



POSTUM— One of America's great mealtime drinks



STEINBERG

Triumph

from Coast to Coast!
Smokers Everywhere Swinging to

Old Gold

CIGARETTES

LOWEST IN THROAT-IRRITATING
LOWEST TARS AND RESINS
IN NICOTINE

As shown by unbiased, independent,
unsolicited tests of 7 leading brands
—made for Reader's Digest

Reader's Digest was not trying to boost
Old Gold sales, nor emphasize the su-
periority of any one of the 7 cigarettes
tested. Nevertheless, both before and
since the Reader's Digest report, many
smokers have changed to Old Gold... a
blend of choice domestic and imported
tobacco, with a touch of costly Latakia
for that "plus" in flavor.

P Lorillard Company—Established 1760

BUY MORE WAR BONDS



Something NEW
has been added
for your enjoyment
SAMMY KAYE'S
BAND and GUESTS
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS
CBS NETWORK



AL SCHMID AND RUTH HARTLEY ON PORCH OF JIM MERCHANT'S TYPICAL PHILADELPHIA ROW HOUSE. BANDAGES SHOW WHERE SHRAPNEL WAS REMOVED FROM AL'S LEFT HAND

AL SCHMID: HERO

NEARLY BLINDED WHILE KILLING 200 JAPS, HE HAS RETURNED TO THE GIRL WHO WAITED FOR HIM

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

This is the story of Corporal Al Schmid, of the United States Marine Corps, and Ruth Hartley, the girl he left standing on a station platform in Philadelphia one day in June, last year.

Ruth and Al are a lot like millions of other young Americans who have gone down to trains and waved goodbye to each other in the last year or so. Ruth is a nice-looking girl with light golden hair and blue eyes, and a straight, slender figure. Al has stiff, sandy hair that won't lie smooth unless he wets it down with hair lotion. He likes to wear his green service cap pushed back on his head at a jaunty angle and when he grins his face lights up all over. He was always doing funny, unexpected things to make Ruth

laugh, even on the day he went away they were both laughing, because somehow the train got started while he was still standing on the platform, hugging Ruth, and he had to run and make a flying leap through an open window. He landed right in a Marine sergeant's lap. Afterward Ruth got a letter from Al which said, among other things, "It all happened just the way I wanted it to, down at the station. . . . I'll always want you to remember me the way I was, when I looked out of the train window, laughing and thinking of you. . . ."

Along with the letter Ruth got a small cardboard box from New River, N. C. with an engagement ring inside, and a card reading, "Till I come home. . . . Al." It was the first time he

had ever said or done anything serious about being engaged.

After that Ruth didn't hear from Al for a long time and when she did

But maybe the story had better go back to when Ruth and Al first met, around May 1941. Al was working then at the Dodge Steel Company in northeast Philadelphia, near the Delaware River. He worked a gas-fed torch in the foundry, cutting and shaping steel castings used in various kinds of machinery. He was 21 years old.

Al lived with a fellow a little older than himself, named Jim Merchant, who worked with him at Dodge Steel. Jim has a row house a short walk from the foundry. Jim and his wife, Ella Mae, were friends of Ruth Hartley's people and

How to make a Husband listen!



1. "GAZE ON IT, HONEY—IT'S THE BRAN THAT WILL WIN YOU OVER TO BRAN EATING! SEE—MADE BY NABISCO, BAKERS OF RITZ, YOUR PET CRACKERS."



2. "I NEVER DREAMED BRAN COULD TASTE AS GOOD AS THIS NABISCO 100% BRAN. WHY YOU'LL EAT IT FOR FLAVOR ALONE."

3. "ISN'T IT DELICIOUS? AND SUCH A SMART WAY TO HELP RELIEVE CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK."



EFFECTIVE—BUT Milder ACTING...

You see, NABISCO 100% BRAN is Double-Milled—and this improved process makes the bran fibers smaller...less likely to be irritating. What delicious muffins this bran makes, too! (Try the recipe on the package.) Just be sure to get NABISCO 100% BRAN—the kind in the yellow and red package!



BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



This seal means that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted this product and approves this advertisement. (If your constipation is not helped in this simple manner, see a competent physician.)



Scrapbook of Al's letters, clippings, snapshots and poems is kept up by Ruth at night. One page holds small card saying, "Till I come home..." That came with her ring

AL SCHMID (continued)

that is how Ruth and Al got acquainted. It just happened that one Sunday the Merchants had Ruth and some other people over for dinner. Right away Ruth and Al seemed to like each other. They began having dates on Sunday afternoons, to go swimming at Crystal Pool, in the evenings they would drive out to the dances at Willow Grove in Al's Chevie. Willow Grove is a big amusement park just outside the city, with several shooting ranges. Al always liked to pick up a .22 and try his luck on the little china ducks. He was good at knocking them over.

The summer flew by and fall came and it was the same thing—going skating, holding hands in movies, driving out into the country. Only Al never got serious about love-making. Sometimes it seemed as though he wasn't very serious about anything. Ruth liked pretty clothes, but he never noticed them. When she tried to show him something new, he would laugh and kid her about it. He didn't want her to wear hats at all; he would grab them off her head and pretend to throw them out the car window. And once when she showed him a new dress, he laughed and said, "Pretty good for a funny-looking mouse..."

"Where the hell is Pearl Harbor?"

Sunday, Dec. 7, rolled around, and as usual, Ruth and Al had a date. But along in the early afternoon Al was still sprawled out on the floor at Jim Merchant's house, looking at the papers and trying to get up the energy to get dressed. The radio was giving forth with some dance music. Suddenly that stopped, a voice said: "The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor. We are at war with Japan." Al thought it was a joke, or a play or something, he turned on another station and got some more dance music. Pretty soon they cut that off and said the same thing, about Pearl Harbor. "All this time," remembers Al, "I was lying there like a dumb cluck, not thinking anything of it, finally I called to Jim, and said 'Hey, Jim, the radio keeps saying there is a war with Japan—where the hell is Pearl Harbor?'"

Pretty soon he got dressed and went over to Ruth's house, and they rode out together to a friend's house in the country, near Doylestown. Ruth hadn't heard the radio and Al didn't say anything about Pearl Harbor. It was a cold, bright, windy day; they were planning to go ice-skating. Al hunted around the farmhouse quite a while before he found some skates and then they walked over to a pond he knew about. But the ice wasn't thick enough, so Al built a bonfire, and they sat beside it and talked most of the afternoon. Later on they had a warm supper at the farmhouse. Everyone was happy and laughing and nobody talked about war; the news hadn't sunk in, somehow. Al said goodnight on the front porch at Ruth's house and it wasn't until she went inside that she heard about Pearl Harbor and all the things that were happening.

Al came over the following night and talked about enlisting, some of the other fellows at the foundry had signed up already, and he had seen their papers. But Ruth couldn't take him seriously; he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

When Bullets Sing Reveille!

Under the blaring northern lights... a mess of Jap Zeros suddenly appears! But thanks to an amazing new Talon slide fastener, Arctic troops are out of their sleeping bags in a split second. This new fastener... developed after the war began... opens faster than any other slide fastener ever known... saves precious time that can mean the difference between life and death.



THE SLIDE FASTENER: ITS 123 VITAL USES IN MODERN WAR!

AS you read this... an American pilot in Tunisia is "zipping" into his uniform in a race against Axis bombers... a ski trooper in Alaska is warm because a slide fastener seals out icy blasts... a paratrooper hurtling through the sky over Texas is protected by the streamlined closure of a slide fastener in his uniform! Today, the same speed, security, dependability that made Americans buy a billion Talon fasteners in peace-time are proving indispensable to the armed forces on 123 different pieces of equipment.

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

ELECTRICALLY HEATED FLYING SUIT... with slide fasteners closing away when a fighter takes cover.

DOZENS ON ONE PLANE! Slide fasteners on vents, bomb-sight cases, gun-mount covers and many other places save crewmen time for inspection, refueling, reloading, final pre-work of crew.

WATCHSTANDER'S JACKET... windproof and waterproof... it is closed tight with a slide fastener to seal out the bitter winter winds and biting ocean spray.



"TALON"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

the dependable
slide fastener



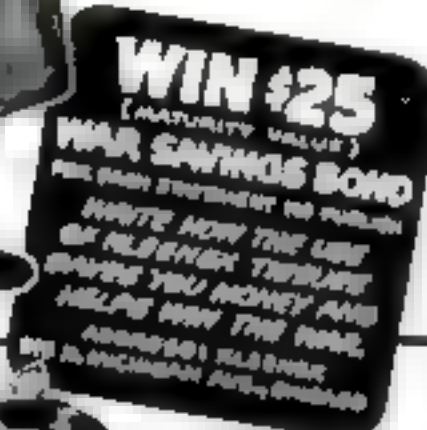
Talon, Inc. has been awarded the Army-Navy "E" for excellence in production of precision gages at its Plant 4.

Don't put a cold in your pocket!



DURING COLDS I
CARRY SOFT,
ABSORBENT
KLEENEX TISSUES
INSTEAD OF
HANKIES. USE
EACH TISSUE ONCE
—THEN DESTROY—
GERMS AND ALL.

from a letter by D. X. R.
Lawrence Nebe



Thrifty Nifty!

I FIND OTHER TISSUES TEAR AND
CRUMBLE BUT KLEENEX SAVES ME
MONEY BECAUSE IT'S STRONG AS
WELL AS SOFT!



Yanky's Hanky!

MY BOY IN SERVICE IS ESPECIALLY
GRATEFUL WHEN I INCLUDE KLEENEX
IN HIS PACKAGE FROM HOME "MAKES
SWELL HANKIES," SAYS HE!

from a letter by M. P. Burroughs, Calif.

**I WAS THE PRINCE
OF WAIFS TILL
MOM GOT KLEENEX**



**KLEENEX
SERV-A-TISSUE BOX
SAVES TISSUES — SAVES MONEY!
BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE
DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!**

AT M Reg U S Pat Off



Al stops in for a beer at Carl Henninger's taproom during weekend leave from hospital. He had 50 beers coming from playing pinball machine before he joined Marine Corps.

AL SCHMID (continued)

was always talking big. Then on Dec. 9 he told her: "I'm in—I went down to the Custom House and signed up." He was going away on Jan. 5. Then he grinned. "The Marines are very polite," he said. "I told them I had a date with a blonde on New Year's Eve, and they said, 'OK, you can keep it.'"

Ruth thought then that he was going to propose. But he didn't, quite.

On Christmas Day he said, "Next year we'll have a tree of our own. I'll be back then and we'll trim it with Japanese pigtails."

Ruth went alone to see him off, the first time. There was an unspoken agreement between them that they were to go on the same way—laughing, clowning, kidding each other. Al sent many cheerful letters from Parris Island, the "boot" camp, and later from New River, N.C. Ruth answered in kind; once she mailed him a lock of her hair with a blue ribbon tied around it, and when he opened the letter the hair fell out on his cot. He never heard the end of that.

In June Al came back for his last short leave before starting for "destination unknown." Dodge Steel gave him a present while he was home: a bonus for his work during 1941. He was tickled to get the money; he told Ruth he knew just what he was going to do with it, but wouldn't say what. Then came the day when Al made his flying exit from Philadelphia and soon afterward Ruth knew what he used his money for—her ring. From New River Al wrote: "When . . . the fellows found out I had 60 bucks in my pocket, you should have seen all the friends I had, but I told them this was one time I couldn't lend anybody any money, because I had something important to get and the sons-of-guns are still trying to find out what I did with the money . . ."

In August Ruth read about the Marine landings on Guadalcanal in the Solomons and wondered if Al was there. It was agony to know nothing at all. In mid-September she finally got a letter, dated Aug. 26. The writing was strange; the envelope was charred around the edges, as though it had been near a fire or something.

"Dear Ruth," it began, "I don't know how to start this letter as I am not very good at writing. Al asked me to write this letter for him as he has been wounded in battle. I am a sailor and am taking care of him. He is all right and I wouldn't worry about him . . . I will tell you honestly and truly though that he is a HERO, and I mean HERO . . ." There was some more like that, and then it ended, in the strange handwriting, "Lots of Love. Al Schmid."

There was no place given—the censor had cut it out. Again weeks dragged by. On Oct. 20 she got a neat typewritten note with a small Red Cross printed at the top. It said that Al had just been admitted to the hospital at San Diego, Calif. A few days later came a four-page letter from Virginia Pfeiffer, a Red Cross worker at the hospital. She had been talking to Al, she said, and he had been wondering for a long time if he should tell Ruth what was wrong with him.

"He has lost one eye . . ."

"Today he told me he might as well let you know," wrote Miss Pfeiffer. "He has lost one eye and the other is seriously damaged. The doctors will not know for several months whether he will have any

USE **FRENCH'S**
WORCESTERSHIRE?

YOU BET WE DO!



IT'S TOP-NOTCH
QUALITY AT HALF
THE PRICE!



Makes wartime
meat dishes
taste delicious

Try this new recipe! Shape
chopped raw meat into pat-
ties. Then pour — and we
mean that literally — French's
Worcestershire over the
meat. Allow the sauce to sink
well into meat, then place
on grill, and cook as you
would hamburger. Delecta-
ble, delicious — a wonderful
way to step up the flavor
of wartime meat dishes.



YOUR

appearance depends upon
the care you give your

HAIR

Loose dandruff disappears
with daily applications of

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

Joe knows!



JOE is right down to earth about his "eats." He knows that good nutrition calls for many different foods, of course. But most of all, give him plenty of bread *in* meals and *with* meals—and he'll show you the kind of all-out work we need to beat the Axis.

And you can multiply Joe by the millions. The brawn of our nation is in its bread-eaters—in our factory men and women, our fighting forces. Today they're *eating more bread*—instinctively turning to it for *extra food-energy*.

Certainly there's a lesson here for all Americans today. Nearly everybody needs

more food-energy now—even those whose only increased effort is walking to save gas and rubber.

Bread can provide it—because it is a basic food that's every bit as nutritious as enjoyable. That is especially true now that all white bread is enriched with its full complement of Vitamin B₁, niacin and iron.

See that your family gets an *extra* loaf of bread every day or two. And if you want to make rationed foods stretch—you'll try the many stunts you can perform with bread, like the one described in the panel at right.

MAKE HARD-TO-GET FOODS GO FURTHER

RATION-EASING RECIPE No. 3
ESCALLOPED HAM AND APPLES

1 cup thinly sliced cooked ham	2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 cups thinly sliced apples	½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups soft bread crumbs	¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ cups hot water	¼ teaspoon mustard
¼ cup molasses	2 tablespoons dry bread crumbs
1 tablespoon vinegar	1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Fill baking dish with alternate layers of ham, sliced apples and soft bread crumbs. Then mix together hot water, molasses, vinegar, butter or margarine, salt, pepper and mustard. Pour over mixture in dish. Cover top with dry bread crumbs and dot with butter or margarine. Bake at 375° F. for 45 minutes. 6 servings.



MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR REASONS SUCH AS THESE:

1. Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's yeast, but virtually all others as well.
2. More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.
3. Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B₁.

FLEISCHMANN 1868-1943
75 years of good yeast for good bread



Bread is basic



A LITTLE GOOD CARE WILL PAY YOU DIVIDENDS!



You know the old story about never missing the water till the well runs dry.

We suggest you give it a thought next time you use your Schick Electric Shaver. You wouldn't want to miss those quick, clean, comfortable shaves, would you?

So, the smart thing is to take good care of your Schick. For we're not building any new ones, you know, for the duration. Our factory is going full blast on war work, these days.

But we want you to know that if

you do accidentally damage your Schick, all will not be lost!

At any of the offices listed below, you can get renewal parts and expert repair service at low cost. For only \$3, they can fit your present Schick with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, if it needs one.

In any case, we suggest you take or mail your Schick in for a check-up job—cleaning, adjusting and lubricating. Why not do it today? The charge will be trifling!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

For the duration you'll want to keep your Schick Shaver in shipshape condition. Expert service and genuine Schick renewal parts—including the new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head—are available through Schick Service, Inc., at all of their offices listed below. Careful attention given to shavers mailed to these offices.

ALBANY
938 Natl. Sav. Bldg.
ATLANTA
403 Rhodes-Bailey Bldg.
BALTIMORE
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
602 Eriebank Bldg.
CHICAGO
219 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
917 N. Con. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS, O.
1200 Beane Bldg.

DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
415 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
908 Industrial Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
321 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS
13 Merchants Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
710 Fifth Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
443 South Spring St.
MIAMI
129 Shoreland Arcade

MILWAUKEE
122 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
812 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY
218 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA
912 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.

PROVIDENCE
508 Turke Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS
23 Mercantile, Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO
787 Monarch Bldg.
SEATTLE
701 Republic Bldg.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.
CANADIAN OFFICES
TORONTO
78 Richmond St. West
CALGARY
112A Seventh Ave. West

SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS

TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

AL SCHMID (continued)

sight in that eye. . . . Your letters and cards mean a lot to him and I enjoy reading them aloud to him. He's quite a boy, as you already know. . . ."

But nobody, not even Al, could tell Ruth the thing he had done before he was wounded. That story finally came out in the papers in November, after it was released by the Navy. It credited Private Albert Schmid with killing 200 Japs before the Japs got him, in a fight on Guadalcanal. Here is the story, from official Marine accounts:

On Aug. 7, 1942, the Marines landed on Guadalcanal and established their small beachhead around the all-important Henderson airfield. For almost two weeks after that nothing much happened, but Al and everybody else knew the Japs were getting ready to attack.

Al and two others were assigned to an advanced machine-gun post on the Tenaru River, about five miles from camp. The Tenaru is a sluggish stream, about 50 yards wide at that point, and easy to wade. Al and his pals sweated for ten days, digging a nest for themselves and their gun. It was just like a little fort. They dug a circular trench around the position, leaving a flat table in the center for the gun foundation and piled sandbags around outside the trench. They plastered river mud inside and out of the sandbags and put two logs over the top as a protection against mortar fire. They camouflaged the whole thing with palm fronds and jungle greenery. If they hadn't known just where it was they never could have found that nest themselves. It was practically invisible 10 yards away.

Johnny Rivers fired the gun, Al was the loader and Corporal Leroy Diamond was the squad leader in charge. They had been together since New River, N. C. and hour after hour they had practiced with their gun. Johnny Rivers was a part-Indian boy who had grown up as an orphan in a small Pennsylvania town and was known as quite a boxer in Philadelphia. He won an amateur championship in 1940, and just before he joined the Marines he had turned pro. He handled the gun like a toy.

"Lee" Diamond was a Jewish boy from Brooklyn and a very cool cookie. He directed the fire and watched targets when the gun was firing free.

About 1 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 21 the Japs made their first big attempt to crash the Marine lines, right where the Marines had figured they would, along the Tenaru River. It started with a great racket on the other side of the river; the Japs yelled and fired their rifles at random, trying to discover the Marine positions. But the Marines held their fire. There was a brilliant moon out and the coconut trees on both sides threw inky shadows on the river.

Then, right across the river from their nest, Al saw a dark bobbing mass at the edge of the water. It looked like a herd of cattle coming down to drink. But it was the Japs, about 50 of them, coming across. Johnny opened up then and raked them up and down, and the mass broke up. There were screams of rage and pain from the other side.

Now the Japs had the machine gun spotted, along with another Marine gun that was about 150 yards downstream. They concentrated everything they had on these two positions. All hell broke loose inside the nest where Al and the others were crouching in darkness and mud. The slugs whined past their heads, throwing up chips of mud and wood. The machine gun at the right suddenly stopped, as though it had been put out of action. Then Johnny Rivers got it.

A dozen slugs tore into his face and the blood spurted out in torrents. Al felt a cold rage rising in him. He moved over to man the gun, and Lee got in position to load it. They didn't say much, but they did a hell of a job on the Japs.

His gun got red-hot

By this time the Japs were coming over in several places, in gangs of 35 to 50, and Al was cutting them down in batches. A bullet caught Lee in the arm. He couldn't load any more, but he could still help. Al would be firing across the river to the left, and he would feel Lee hitting him on the arm—hitting him hard—and pointing to the right. Al would swing the gun down there and, sure enough, he would hear the Japs yell as his bullets hit them. A Jap machine gunner managed to get set up down toward the right and put a string of holes through the water jacket of Al's gun, which sputtered and crackled like an empty pan on a hot stove. The gun got red-hot, but for some reason it failed to jam. Lee spotted the Jap machine gun and Al swung his gun around to his right hand, took a good guess and let go. The burst caught the Jap gunner full in the chest.

Every time Al's gun raked hell out of a bunch of Japs he could hear the bullets hissing through the water and ricocheting off the Japs' helmets. He was loading and firing both; when he would get close to the end of a belt, Lee would punch his arm, and he would fire a quick burst, rip open the magazine, and insert a new belt. He kept that up for about three hours.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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Announces

A NEW, NATION-WIDE CONSERVATION SERVICE

TO MAKE this new service available quickly, AC has placed trained men in the field to carry to all service organizations the latest and best methods of diagnosing trouble, testing, adjusting, and repairing AC products with a minimum of parts replacement. This will help to conserve material and shorten the time required for repairs.

For Your Car or Truck

Your car or truck is equipped with from one to nine of these AC devices. All are *important* to the

conservation of your gasoline, oil, and tires. Some of them are so indispensable that, if they fail, you cannot drive at all.

For Yourself—and America

A list of the products covered by this new, wartime service; and a brief statement of what they require, and why; are given below on this page. For your own good, and for the conservation of America's gas, oil, and tires, follow the suggestions given.

☆

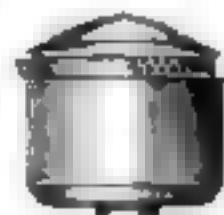
☆

This new service will save time on repairs, and conserve vital materials on all nine of these AC products—



SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in every ten. They also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months because they get dirty faster with slow driving.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner restricts the flow of air into the carburetor. This reduces gasoline economy, increases gas consumption. So, to maintain gas economy and to protect your engine against dust, have your air cleaner rinsed every time your car is lubricated.

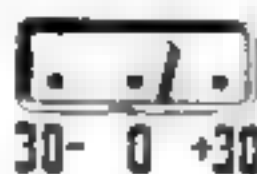


FUEL PUMPS—Fuel pumps are practically trouble free. However, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

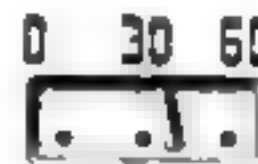


OIL FILTERS—Slow driving greatly accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings which will cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter elements whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

SPEEDOMETERS—Speedometers, too, are very reliable and seldom give trouble. But, today, it is absolutely necessary to keep them in good condition.

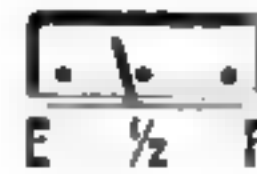


AMMETERS—Your ammeter is very reliable and seldom requires service, but it must be kept in good condition because it is the tell-tale which shows whether the battery is being charged or drained.



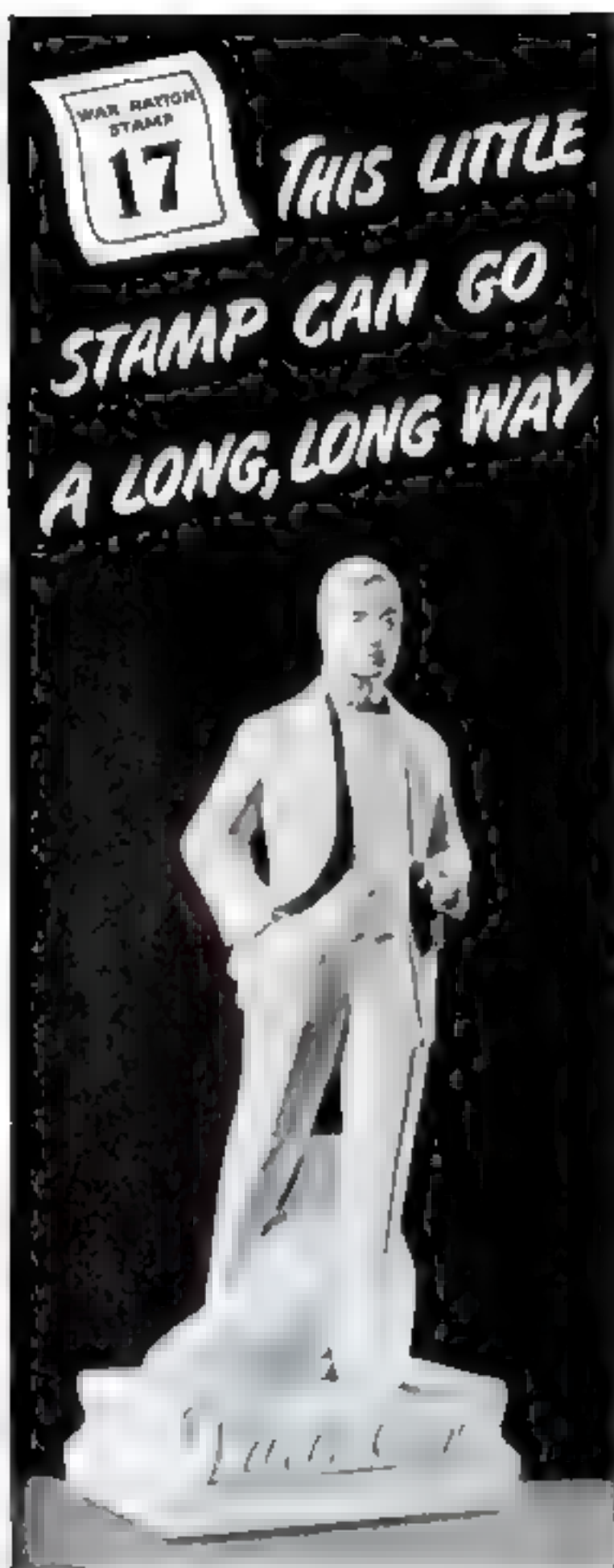
OIL PRESSURE GAUGES—If your oil pressure gauge stops functioning, SWITCH OFF YOUR ENGINE and call a competent service man at once, or the engine may be seriously damaged. The gauge, often, is not at fault. Usually, the trouble is in the oil supply system.

GASOLINE GAUGES—Gas gauges need to be kept in reliable condition, although they seldom need service.



TEMPERATURE GAUGES—Your temperature gauge is your only indicator of engine heat. Although very reliable, it should be kept in condition. An overheated engine can suffer expensive damage and waste anti-freeze.

☆ AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION - GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION ☆



● Be fair to yourself—and your country. Don't buy shoes unless you need them.

And when you do—use that precious ration stamp wisely—for good quality... fit you can be sure of.

For 69 years the "Walk-Over man" has been a trusted symbol of fine shoe-making. Look for the store that displays him. Look for him on any shoe you consider.

Typical is this JOHNPUR. Tan or black. Authentic, original, officially approved. Walk-Over exclusive natural-fit lasts need no breaking-in—keep their smart looks longer. Oil-treated soles for extra service. Walk-Over prices \$8.95 to \$12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.



WALK-OVER

SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Al's gun is cleaned by Jim Merchant while Jim's daughter watches. Handy with a shotgun, Al is proudest of the time he got a "double" by shooting two pheasants on the wing.

AL SCHMID (continued)

Of the 1,200 Japs who tried to cross the Tenaru River that night, 18 were wounded, 2 were captured, and the rest were killed. Once Lee heard a kind of scrambling noise a few yards in front of the nest. He got his Reising sub-machine gun in his good hand, poked his head over the top of the nest and let go. The noise stopped and later they found three Japs down there. But somewhere one Jap had managed to get through, for suddenly there was a blinding flash and explosion, and something hit Al a terrific wallop in the face. It was a Jap hand grenade that had exploded against the left stirrup of the gun. When Al put his hand up, all he could feel was a wet sticky pulp. He thought sure part of his face had been blown away.

The Japs were still firing away and Al reached into his holster and took out his .45. Lee heard him fussing with it and yelled, "Don't do it, Smitty, don't shoot yourself."

"Hell," said Al, "Don't worry about that. I'm going to get the first Jap that comes in here."

"But you can't see," Lee told him.

"Just tell me which way he's coming from and I'll get him," said Al.

But the Japs never came; probably there weren't many of them left by that time. Hours later, Al was carried back to a dressing station on a blanket—he still had the .45 in his hand. He heard the lieutenant's voice and held out the gun to him. "I guess I won't need this any more, sir," he said. Then he passed out.

Al asked her not to come

Long before Ruth knew about all this she wrote to Al in San Diego that she wanted to come to him at once. Miss Pfeiffer replied, saying that Al definitely asked her not to come. "Not that he loves you any the less... but that he loves you more, and fears he will hurt you in some way," she tried to explain. Al needed time to adjust himself, she went on. He had periods of great unhappiness and depression.

Another letter: Al had decided, Miss Pfeiffer wrote, that Ruth must drop their plans. When he left the hospital he would not be coming back to Philadelphia; he would go to Chicago, where his brother lived, and start over.

It sounded like the "brush-off," all right.

But Ruth understood. She wrote again. Al had told her he wanted her to laugh, wanted her to remember him laughing. She sent him a laughing letter.



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

My outfit has strict regulations about worms. Attack quick—with the right weapons for each type of worm.

For Large Roundworms or Hookworms, we use Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (or Puppy Capsules for pups and small dogs). For Tapeworms—Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine. Both clean 'em out pronto! Then Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules to help the patient back to health.

Learn about worms (and other ills) in the Sergeant's Dog Book. Free—at drug and pet stores everywhere.

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 52-C, Richmond, Va.
Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

Name _____

Address _____

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**Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



"Thanks, Mom . . .

"Thanks for all the things you do every day that will help bring me and the rest of the boys home sooner . . . When I see men out here giving their all for Victory, it's easy for *me* to understand why it's so important for the folks back home to sacrifice and do without. But *you*, Mom, are doing a swell job even though you're far away from this mess . . . and that makes me specially proud. Thanks for saving fats and greases . . . I hear them go off with an almighty bang every day. Thanks for saving food . . . I'm eating some of it now. Thanks for saving Gas at home . . . God knows we need the tanks and guns and planes that are produced with Gas. Honest, Mom, I think they should give medals to women like you who are fighting the good fight for freedom back on the home front!"

YOUR GAS COMPANY IS READY TO HELP YOU. If you are one of the 83,000,000 Americans who depend on Gas for cooking . . . feel free at all times to ask your Gas Company for the latest cooking and nutrition information. We know you want to do your part in saving

precious vitamins, food, and fuel. But we realize the tremendous problems you face today . . . with shortages, restrictions and substitutes. We'd like to help you make the best of the situation in every way possible!

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... use it wisely!*

Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow



SMOKING LESS—or SMOKING *MORE*?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



*You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!*

**Scientifically proved less irritating
for the nose and throat**

Here it is—fast.

Reported by eminent doctors—in medical journals.
Their own findings that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case
of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—
either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

Actual men and women smokers, mind you—not
laboratory "analysis". Proof that PHILIP MORRIS are
far less irritating to your nose and throat.

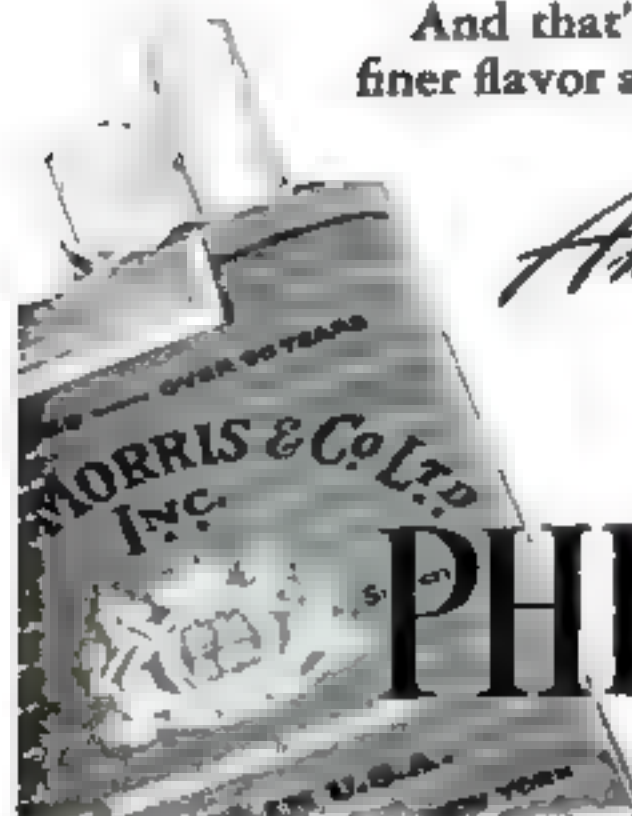
NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP
MORRIS. But, man! What solid proof they're better
... safer ... to smoke!

And that's in addition to their finer quality—the
finer flavor and aroma of superb tobaccos. Try them!

And do they taste GOOD!

**CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS**

America's FINEST Cigarette



AL SCHMID (continued)

What was the big idea, she wanted to know? Was Al trying to give her the air? Who was the other girl—a nurse, maybe, or a WAAC? Or had Al found his dream girl in the Pacific somewhere?

Miss Pfeiffer, writing for Al, replied that there was no other girl. And she made a suggestion: "Perhaps it would be wise for you not to write him every day—for a while . . . He thinks people are being too nice to him . . ."

Ruth understood that too. And this time it hurt. The inference was plain: that some day she might stop writing, might lose interest—and that would be too hard on Al. She stopped and waited.

Not for long; within a week Miss Pfeiffer was writing that Al missed the letters badly, that Ruth had better keep on sending them.

And Ruth kept sending them. Laughing letters, kidding letters, letters about the people and places Al knew. On Nov. 20 Miss Pfeiffer wrote: "Guess who brought your letter up to me? None other than Al himself . . . He got quite a kick out of bringing the letter up to my office (you see the Red Cross is in a separate building). I read the 'newsy' parts to him so he knows you still love him . . . He also had some more shrapnel dug out of his face and ear so he's quite handsome . . ."

He felt her hat pressing against him

Al came home Jan. 19 this year. He stepped off a train at North Philadelphia station, looking straight and strong, with his cap cocked back at the old jaunty angle. He laughed when he felt Ruth's hat pressing against him, and her arm behind his shoulder.

He laughed again when the reporters asked, "Are you going to invite us to the wedding?"

"Sure, you bet," he said.

Al and Ruth are going together again these days. Wednesday evenings, after work, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Ruth goes to the Naval Hospital. She picks up little presents to take down to him, like an Esquire calendar she saw on a newsstand recently. They both got a good laugh over the way Al studied the girl pictures on each page. "He could see them all right!" says Ruth.

As a matter of fact Al sees a good many things. The doctors at the Naval Hospital report he has had a "definite improvement" since he arrived. He can now distinguish colors and moving figures. He shaves, dresses, goes to the clinic by himself and carries on a pretty continuous barrage of wisecracks with his fellow patients. Now Al, who has recently been awarded the Navy Cross and promoted to Corporal, is allowed liberty from the hospital for weekends without medical supervision.

The Navy doctors want to keep on treating Al, maybe for a year yet. It is still too soon to know how much more of his vision is coming back. People have already talked to him about jobs he can have in the future—but Al doesn't want any snap. When he can see a little better, he will take care of himself all right.

As for Ruth, she doesn't mind waiting. She has waited quite a while already.



The Navy Cross is pinned on Al by Colonel A. E. Randall of the U. S. M. C. in Philadelphia. Corporal Diamond, who directed Al's fire, was also awarded the Navy Cross.

Meet your meat-man halfway

He will appreciate your cooperative attitude in buying meat and he'll do the very best he can for you with the supplies he has available.

Any cut of meat helps good nutrition

Learn how to use cuts available from day to day

BEEF

Blade Bone Pot Roast — Known for its blade bone and ribs. Chuck or shoulder cut.

Round Bone Pot Roast — Also known as brisket cut.

Boneless Chuck Pot Roast — An easily carved piece of meat, boned and rolled at a knot.

Brisket Pot Roast — Identified by flat shape and layers of fat and lean.

PORK

End-Cut Chops — From the end of the loin—either rib or tenderloin end.

End-Cut Pork Loin Roast — Named for its location as center cut loin.

Ham Shank — The basis of a ham.

Tenderloin — All tender lean meat. Roast or broil.

VEAL

Blade Bone Pot Roast — (or Round Bone). Like beef pot roasts, only smaller and with less fat.

Cushion Shoulder Pot Roast — A small piece of meat with dressing.

Shoulder Steaks — May be made of tripe or

LAMB

Breast — May be stuffed with ground meat or your favorite dressing.

Stew — Lamb has a mild flavor which combines pleasantly with vegetables.

Square Cut Shoulder Roast — Just a bit larger than the more familiar leg of lamb.

Your meat-man has his problems too. Take a little time to talk it over with him.

HE'LL TELL YOU that the country is producing the largest amount of meat in its history

—but that our fighters must go into battle well-fed and strong, and their requirements come first.

—that billions of pounds of your favorite roasts, steaks and chops are going to over 7,000,000 men under arms and to our fighting allies.

HE'LL TELL YOU the meat industry is doing a great job in keeping all that meat rolling and at the same time supplying the folks at home.

HE'LL SAY, "If the Army puts in a rush order for a million pounds of beef, I know you and I may have to wait awhile to get our beef."

"They tell me that just one battleship will stock up with 150,000 pounds of meat before it leaves port. Think what a convoy takes."

"Many of the cuts I am able to get may be new to you but they all have the good flavor and the high nutritional value of meat.*"

"I would like to see women branch out a little and be willing to try new cuts. I don't care whether they are beef, pork, lamb, veal, or sausage, whichever are available, once you get the hang of cooking them, they'll make mighty fine dishes."

*Meat provides: complete high-quality proteins . . . Essential B vitamins—thiamine, riboflavin, niacin . . . Important minerals—iron, copper, phosphorus.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago

This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



THIS NEW RECIPE BOOK WILL HELP YOU—SEND FOR IT TODAY

Contains 120 tested recipes for beef, veal, lamb, pork, smoked meats and such delicacies as sweetbreads, liver, kidneys. Tasty ways to use less familiar cuts. Also menu suggestions. Send 10¢ in coin to Dept. 3, Lock Box No. 7133, Chicago.



Save time ★ ★ fuel ★



KELLOGG



TEN generous packages, six different cereals in Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE, shown here. Handy "individual-size" packages are opened as you need them . . . insure new-package freshness . . . eliminate waste.

work ★ ★ other foods

For a nourishing breakfast, lunch or supper these busy wartime days, choose from **8** crisp, delicious Kellogg Cereals

CEREALS HELP YOU GET MORE VARIETY INTO WARTIME MEALS

SAVE TIME—THEY'RE READY TO EAT!

Every minute counts in wartime. That's why so many thousands of busy families depend on Kellogg Cereals for fast, easy-to-fix (but nutritious!) breakfasts, lunches, suppers. Great for bedtime snacks, too!



SAVE FUEL—NO COOKING REQUIRED!

The U. S. Government has asked us all to do everything possible to conserve fuel. By using cereals frequently in wartime meals you can effect important savings in gas, electricity, and other cooking fuels.



SAVE WORK—NO PANS, SKILLETS TO WASH!

There's nothing to prepare or mix when you serve Kellogg Cereals. No pans, skillets, or stove to clean up. Even the dishes are easier to wash. You know how those things count!



STRETCH MEAT—CEREALS CAN HELP!

In addition to serving cereals as "meatless meals," use them to extend your meat. In meat loaves, hamburgers, croquettes, stuffing, casserole dishes, patties, cereals blend well with meat flavors.



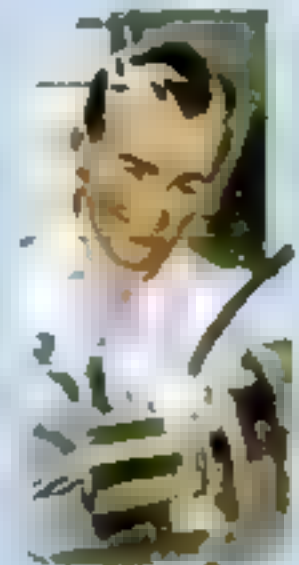
MAKE MILK GO FARTHER!

Cereals, alone or with fruit, supplement the nutritive elements of milk—make a natural combination that helps you stretch your precious milk supply. Vitamins, minerals, proteins, food-energy in one dish!



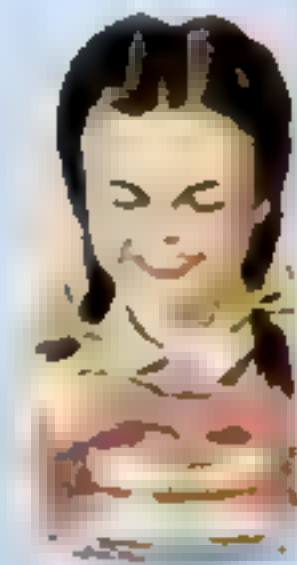
WHOLE GRAIN NUTRITIVE VALUE!

Each Kellogg Cereal is made of whole grain, or is restored to whole grain nutritive value of thiamin (vitamin B₁), niacin and iron, as recommended by the U. S. Official Nutrition Food Rules.



MARVELOUS FLAVOR—YOUR FAMILY WILL LOVE THEM!

Kellogg Cereals have been famous for flavor for more than thirty-five years. They're always extra-crisp, extra-fresh, extra-delicious. Use them often in wartime meals.



VARIETY—8 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM!

Some are flakes, some are shredded, some are popped and some are biscuits. They're made from corn, wheat, rice, bran. A type and a flavor to suit the taste of every member of your family. Try them all!



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**Made from WHOLE GRAIN, or restored to WHOLE GRAIN
NUTRITIVE VALUES of Thiamin (Vitamin B₁), Niacin and Iron**

Air Step

The Shoe with the Magic Sole



*She shall
have shoes*

—not so many colors—not so many styles
—but enough to see her through

Under rationing you'll get as many shoes as any other woman gets and as many as the average woman bought in peacetime. You'll wear them with style because they will still be smart. How long you wear them, how comfortable they are depends on how you choose them.

The important thing is to be clear-eyed about your needs. Shoes to work in, walk in, relax in. A name you can depend on—for soft, sure-footed ease—for stout service—for gently feminine beauty.

And that will lead you straight to Air Step*—the smart, light shoes with the comfort of the air-cushioned Magic Sole. This honeycomb of tiny air cells absorbs the jolt and jar of walking. See Air Step Shoes at your Air Step store. Or write for name of Air Step dealer near you. BROWN SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, St. Louis.

Fresh at Five **\$6.50**
HIGHER
UPPER & WEST

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



SAILORS WAVE TO "HORNET" AT NORFOLK. OVER 800 FT. LONG, SHE WAS COMMISSIONED IN 1941, LOST IN BATTLE OF SANTA CRUZ

TOM LEA

ABOARD THE U.S.S. "HORNET"



LEA AT TELESCOPE

The U.S.S. *Hornet* was sunk by Jap planes on the afternoon of Oct. 26. Four days before her last engagement, Tom Lea, artist war correspondent on assignment from LIFE, transferred from her to another ship. For 66 days he had lived aboard the *Hornet*, getting to know her officers and crew, sharing their dangers and painting their actions under fire. Because the ship's photographic files were lost in the sinking, Lea's drawings are the only remaining pictorial record of the ship's last months.

On the following pages are portraits by Lea of nine of the key officers. With each portrait is Lea's drawing of the man in action and Lea's word description of that man in his job. Chart at right shows the chain of command under which the ship operated. Because the *Hornet* at the time was acting as task force flagship, the admiral in charge of the task force rode aboard her. The captain, however, was in charge of the *Hornet* herself. Under him came the air department and under it the air squadrons.

Artist Lea had plenty of time to get well acquainted with each of these men. He saw them through many long days and long nights, through furious battles and at their routine, undramatic duties. As a result both the portraits and the drawings are sound descriptions of what men actually look like under the strain of modern naval warfare. Fortunately, when the ship went down, all the officers painted here were rescued. Says Lea, "They are now scattered halfway around the world at new duties, no longer together as a naval unit. But they will always be bound together by the spirit of those days on the *Hornet*, which I had the humble privilege of sharing with them."



"HORNET'S" CHAIN OF COMMAND FROM ADMIRAL TO PILOT

COMMANDER TASK FORCE

Rear Admiral George D. Murray

Says Artie Lea: A carrier task force is composed of the carrier flagship, center of operations, and its escort of screening vessels—destroyers and cruisers. In command of this force is an admiral, who is an aviator and knows air power, and who carries out the objectives of the High Command, adapting his operations to fit circumstances.

An admiral's rank restricts his life to the small part of the ship called Flag Country, where he has his living quarters, mess, operations office (called Flag Plot) and his observation post on a weather deck (called Flag Bridge). Under normal conditions at sea, the admiral does not leave Flag Country, and no one enters there unless requested to do so.

My portrait of Admiral Murray was made in his cabin. His mind was heavy with the responsibilities of his command, and we were frequently interrupted by staff reports.

Murray is singularly free from the mannerisms of gold braid. He is reserved, yet friendly and considerate toward his subordinates. He has a soft voice, yet there is fire when needed. He uses his rank to demand skill, energy and single-mindedness in fighting the Japs. He worked very hard on the *Hornet*. He slept little, ate little, and I thought I was watching him grow visibly older during those weeks at sea.

It seemed to me that he lived only for the times when he could use his force to slug the Japs. I came to believe that this quiet and usually mild-mannered man was more than a good naval technician; he had the cunning and intuition of a born fighter.

Murray is one of the senior naval pilots. He enjoyed telling about Pensacola when he went there as an ensign in 1915. It was then a weedy old naval coaling station with nothing but a few ardent young aviators to keep it alive. The Admiral is still an active pilot, drawing flight pay. I liked to study his face as he watched the young fliers of the *Hornet* handling their planes.



Admiral Murray, sitting in the center, is being briefed by a staff officer on the right, while a pilot stands on the left.

USS HORNET, COMMANDING

Captain Charles P. Mason

Says Artist Lea: The captain of a U.S. aircraft carrier is always an aviator, so that he may be as familiar with air operations as with seamanship. He receives his orders from the Flag, but the handling of the ship is entirely his responsibility.

In his position of absolute command, he makes or breaks a ship. A ship's personality, its manners, its characteristics in a fight, may be considered largely a reflection of the captain's own character.

Captain Mason [now a rear admiral] had the kind of character that made him a skipper men were proud to serve under. A strong man and a fiery one, he was no tyrant. With superbly delicate balance of judgment and conduct, he ran an efficient fighting ship. His men called it "Happy *Hornet*."

He practically lived on the navigating bridge, spending at least 16 hours a day there. The rest of the time he was in the chart house or in his emergency cabin nearby. I always spent a part of my days and nights on the bridge, and one of my real pleasures was to watch the captain. My portrait of him comes from those hours.

His eyes were squinted up from living in the sun—you expected them to be blue and yet they were very dark brown. They could flash fire and then laugh quicker than any eyes I ever saw. He fumed and fretted when his ship was not on an offensive mission. I remember his good humor, his short jokes, his sheer hard-to-hold happiness when the *Hornet* was churning the blue sea at 30 knots and the attack group roared on the flight deck. He exulted in that roar.

When the going was tough, fire burned in him, and with his mouth shut like a vise, fire could escape only through his eyes. Once during an attack, in addition to giving orders, he spoke only once—to an ensign who blocked a doorway and prevented him from seeing a torpedo wake. Mason poured brimstone from hell into the words, "Goddammit I want that door clear!"



Captain Mason in the forward wing of the USS Hornet, smoking a cigar and commanding his ship, the HORNET



EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Commander Apollo Soucek

Says Artist Lea: The executive officer is second in command of his ship, and should the captain be a casualty in battle, he takes the captain's place. For this reason his battle station is a considerable distance from the captain's bridge, so that the same hit cannot get both of them.

The "exec" is administrator of the ship's various departments. The exec is the man who keeps the house in order. He sees that the captain's orders are promptly and properly executed. By the very nature of his job he is a housekeeper, and as such, many an executive officer gets to be too much pre-occupied with small details.

Not so with Commander Soucek. He would raise hell over a pile of oily rags or a mistreated gun, but spit and polish found no place in his wartime thinking. As disciplinarian of the ship he insisted solely on efficiency.

He pronounced his name "So-check." His first name was Apollo and his brother's name was Zeus. Their father was a history professor in love with Greek mythology. There really was a mark of the heavens on Apollo, too. A famous Navy flier, he held a D.F.C. for altitude records made in the 1920's. A quieter, more charming, pleasanter man would be hard to find. He performed his duties by making his men like him rather than fear him.

The exec is senior officer in the wardroom and has his meals with officers there. Sitting at Soucek's table three times a day for many weeks, I came to know him well and to have the warmest admiration for him. My portrait of him comes from watching him at table, talking to his messmates with quiet geniality and always finishing off the meal with a game of *Ship Captain and Crew* for cigars.

He was the hero of the day when the *Hornet* sank—all over the ship, the exec was with his men, helping the wounded, doing what he could, lending a hand even with fire-fighting buckets. I can imagine what he felt and will never be able to express, when he swam away that afternoon from his ship,



The Executive Officer of the USS Hornet, Commander Apollo Soucek, is shown in his battle station, looking up at the large gun mounted on the ship's deck.

AIR OFFICER

Commander M. E. A. Gouin

Says Artist Lea: The air officer is in direct command of all the personnel and equipment necessary to flying operations. Technically, of course, he is subordinate to the captain, yet to a considerable extent his command is autonomous—for a carrier is nothing more than a floating airdrome operating for the sake of its planes. It is the responsibility of the air officer to see that those planes and the personnel that flies and maintains them function perfectly.

Commander Gouin was a man completely dedicated to his calling—the art of flying aircraft against the enemy. A great and inflexible reserve set him apart from his fellow officers. He spoke only when he judged it absolutely necessary. In the wardroom, even those who knew him best called him “Commander.” There was no vanity whatsoever in this reserve, nor did it spring from his rank. It was simply the mark of a man who was eliminating everything from his life but his job. Every day, from Flight Quarters before the dawn until late at night, Gouin was at Primary Fly (the traffic control tower where he could watch his planes) or at Air Plot (his office where he had no desk). His day’s work finished, he went alone to his room and slept a few brief hours. I never saw him in the wardroom except when he went there for the purpose of briefly eating.

I was on the carrier some time before I realized the tremendous importance of this strange man. He was accorded great respect—my inquiries about him were usually met with the remark, “He gets things done, almost silently.” Of all the officers, he was the most reluctant to pose for a portrait. Yet when he did pose, he showed the least self-consciousness of any. There was absolute sublimity in his inability either to strike a pose or be flustered.

One day when Gouin had sent out an attack, a non-flying officer remarked that perhaps the force was not strong enough. A volcano burned in Gouin as he answered, “We’re in this business to take risks,” and walked away.



At Primary Fly the Air Officer makes an entry in his operations log as an SBD checks in from a search.



COMMANDER AIR GROUP

Commander Walter F. Rodee

Says Artist Lea: The commander air group is the air officer's assistant. He is in direct command of the ship's flying squadrons with the responsibility of knitting the various squadrons into an efficient fighting team. As such he spends considerable time at the desk in his office, on the paper work of administration. But he is also the ranking officer aboard the ship whose duties require actual flying. Instead of making routine searches and patrols, however, he flies only on real attacks on the enemy, and then only in a specially marked plane.

There is unspeakable drama in a flight deck covered with planes, warming up before an attack. A part of your heart goes out with each plane as it takes off into the sky above the sea. When the last of the planes have left the deck the commander air group provides an almost too theatrical touch. His specially-marked, fully-manned plane appears suddenly on the empty deck, brought up from the hangar deck on an incredibly fast elevator. It is like Toscanini being magically lifted to the podium by unseen angel hands—a winged, roaring Toscanini about to lead a chorus of warhawks.

But those were the only occasions when "Walt" Rodee ever seemed to roar. The rest of the time he was quiet and affable and it would have shocked him to be called dramatic. When he relaxed, he could tell stories with an abrupt and twisty sense of humor. Tension closed him up like a clam. One morning he returned from an unsuccessful attack in miserable weather. He could find only four words into which to pour his grief: "Doggone ball of weather . . . doggone ball of weather."

Walt was a kindly and sensitive man. He couldn't look at losses in his group with a completely professional eye. He carried the tragedy within himself when some of his kids did not come back. I saw him on the bridge at sundown, standing his own personal watch, looking for his boys out toward the horizon over the empty, lonely sea. That is how I have painted him.



The "Sea Hag" on the bridge at sundown, looking for the kids that did not come back

SQUADRON COMMANDER

Lieut. Commander W. J. Widhelm

Says Artist Lea: A squadron commander is the senior officer and leader of the squadron in all its operations. He flies all the routine patrols; he coaches and trains each of his pilots in combat procedure and performance; he leads his men into action against the enemy. He is his squadron's leader, teacher, nurse and evangelist.

Once in a while Nature fashions a man unusually endowed with certain qualities. And once in a great while Destiny places such a man in a position where he can use his qualities to the fullest. "Gus" Widhelm bore the mark of this double blessing. He was born to fly; he was born to lead men; he was born to fight. He was the stuff of which heroic tradition is made.

Widhelm's presence was felt the minute he stepped into a crowded room. And I have seen him come back from an attack, grinning, dripping with sweat, and I would swear that about him I saw a visible aura of glory. The stories of him were legion. They were told of his luck in the air, on the land and on the sea. They were told of his prowess with the ladies (with embellishments by Gus himself). They were told of how he always held the winning cards, of how the dice always rolled for him, of how easily things came to him and of how lustily he gave them away. In all things he stuck his square chin out and dared the world to take a poke at it.

With all his extraversion and violence, there was woven into him a fine deep strand of sympathy, loyalty and unselfishness toward his comrades. I came to know Gus well, in talks that lasted far into the midwatch, and I flew from the *Hornet* with him, sublimely confident, far out into that abstract and beautiful new world of space.

As the leader of Scouting 8, he was always in the very first of the *Hornet's* dive bombers in any attack against the enemy. On the day the *Hornet* was sunk, he was shot down, floated for three days on a small raft. I believe him to be a very great man and a hero beyond his Navy Cross citation



Gus—leading his gang in old "Sail One"



FIGHTER PILOT

Lieut. A. C. Emerson

Says Artist Lea: The primary function of a fighter pilot is to defend his carrier from enemy air attack. He also flies routine patrols, and often goes along on attack missions to defend bombers and torpedo planes from enemy fighters. Occasionally he has the opportunity of strafing enemy ships, ground personnel or installations. But all these jobs are secondary to the responsibility of providing an air cordon around the carrier through which few, or no, enemy planes can penetrate. It is a tough assignment.

"Al" Emerson was the executive officer of the *Hornet's* fighter squadron. He had the most striking of appearances—with his prematurely gray hair and wide-open sharp green eyes. He seemed always to move with a sleek, streamlined grace that made me sorry for his enemies, and reminded me of a serpent that could strike easily with deadly speed.

A veteran of thousands of hours of flying from a carrier, Al was a thoroughly professional and skillful naval aviator. But beyond this he was a consecrated fighter, with a burning hate for the Japs. His two piercing eyes have now seen all four of the lost U.S. carriers go down at sea. He has lost friends and ships that were a part of his life. He killed Japs for immediate, personal reasons, and he was cold, and skillful, and unremitting in it.

Only once did I see him upset by the necessity for killing. He had just knocked down a Mitsubishi. He went down to watch it burn and could see two Japs standing on the wing. In a few seconds the plane exploded and the Japs disappeared. But for an instant, Emerson said, "They did look kind of pitiful there, not being able to decide whether to drown or burn to death."

Al posed for me late two evenings by the light of the small desk lamp in my room. He was my good friend, and utterly without pose or bravado he told me how he had accepted the necessity of killing or being killed. I thought I understood the cost of his sacrifice when he said, "The only way to fight this war is to get in there, and the hell with thinking about anything else."



DIVE BOMBER PILOT

Lieut. (j. g.) Donald Kirkpatrick

Says Artist Lea: The name SBD [Scout bomber by Douglas] describes its purpose. The pilot of a scout bomber flies routine patrols and searches. But when the enemy is near, he uses his SBD as a dive bomber. This is an operation that takes everything a pilot has in skill, in courage and in luck.

I put "Kirk's" picture in this series because he seemed to me to be so much like the kid that lived just down the street from everybody in America. I wanted to suggest what he's like now. Only a few years ago he was bringing books home from high school and wondering about the girls. He lived near the big elm trees in Evanston, Ill. He went to Northwestern University and had ambitions. Then it looked like war and he joined up. He went to an air training station and became an ardent young priest of a new dimension. He flew above the clouds and they pinned gold wings on his chest.

By the time I painted him, Kirk was an intimate of death and destruction. He had killed men and seen his comrades die. When he dressed up, he wore a colored strip of ribbon under his wings. He knew the long days of brilliant light in the tropics, out over the hazy sea. He knew the loneliness of the sky out where the very stars are different from home. He had had to crash land his plane over a coral reef (*below*) and spend days on a lonely South Seas isle. He had gone a long way from Evanston.

He knew the smell of burning oil and of powder from his guns. He had felt the crash of the bombs which he had dropped on the iron decks of enemy ships. He was well acquainted with the color of tracers streaking past his cockpit, and the thud of AA fire and the popcorn puffs it put in the sky. He remembered looking down at a Jap cruiser and thinking that the guns firing at him looked just like somebody playing the piano with red-hot fingers. In his dreams he was sometimes restless when 8-in. guns and Evanston and homemade cookies and blood on the deck got hopelessly muddled.

Something had happened to young Kirk all right.



Out of gas at sundown, Kirk and his Radioman make a lucky offshore water landing at a small island



TORPEDO BOMBER PILOT

Lieut. (j.g.) John McInerney

Says Artist Lea: Torpedo bombers carry the most potent and decisive wallop in the Pacific air war. It is their mission to carry a 2,000 lb. torpedo up to within a few hundred yards of an enemy vessel and, at a very low altitude, aim it and drop it. Then, if they can, they are supposed to get away.

It is a desperately dangerous undertaking. In an attack it is a foregone conclusion that a torpedo bombing squadron will suffer losses. One morning during the Battle of Midway the officers of the *Hornet* went to breakfast and saw there in the wardroom a table with 30 empty places. It was the table assigned to Torpedo 8. A thing like that is hard for a ship to forget.

John McInerney, big, loud, laughing "Mac," was a torpedo bomber pilot who lived in that atmosphere aboard the *Hornet*. He was one of those who had taken the place of the missing men. There was a gusto and powerful ruggedness with which he greeted each new day. For him there were no spiritual grappings. Instead there was a beautiful integrity and simplicity. He was reluctant to examine facts and trusted all men openly and honestly. When he was disillusioned, as he was occasionally, he exhibited a Homeric anger.

Mac had been a fighter pilot, and there was in him a skillful kind of recklessness. I could always tell when Mac was checking in, for he came in fast, buzzing the port side of the ship, then zooming high and cutting over counterclockwise in a steeper bank than anybody else. Fear had simply been left out of his make-up. He was the perfect kind of man to plant a torpedo in a Jap ship, come home, eat a hearty meal, and sleep like a baby.

Mac's room was opposite mine, and he used to come in before turning in for the night. We would talk of home, and with affection in his eyes Mac would talk about his dad and his mother and his brothers and sisters. His father had been a blacksmith and then ran a laundry. Mac said he was the finest man he had ever known. "Don't put my mustache on the picture," he said. "If my old man sees it, he'll beat me to death when I get home."



Mac brings T-12 home again to the Hornet's Nest, and it turns into the wind to land him.

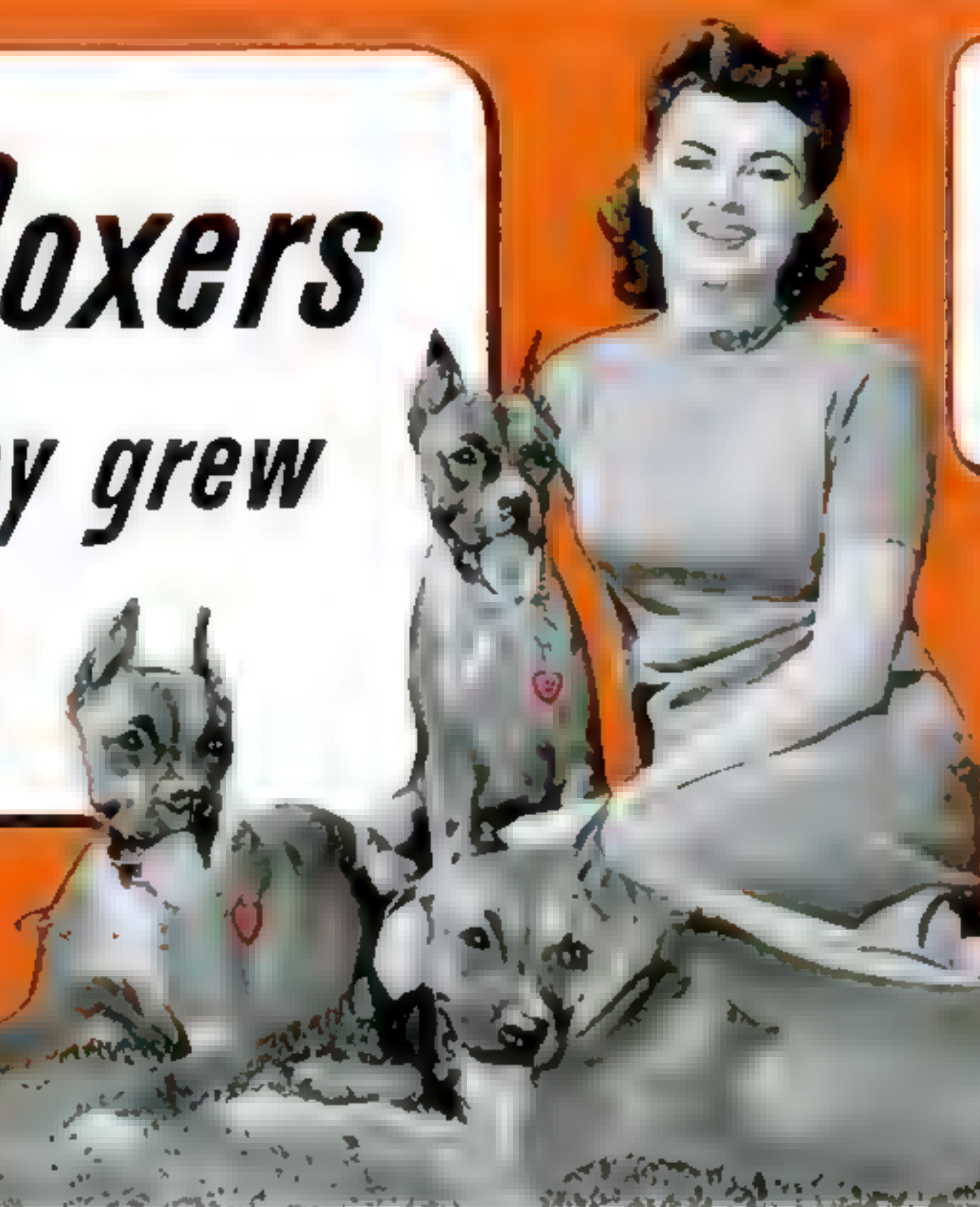
3 little Boxers and how they grew

...on **Red Heart**
DEHYDRATED

After 4½ months on nothing
but **RED HEART DEHYDRATED!**
These same three handsome Boxers
weigh a total of 103½ lbs.!



Before! Here are three
little Boxers ready for their
first solid food



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**Kennel dogs—both large and small—
make remarkable weight gains on
RED HEART DEHYDRATED**

VISIT the Red Heart Kennels on Chicago's Outer
Drive and see how dogs of all ages and sizes
thrive on Red Heart DEHYDRATED Dog Food. It is
the same good old Red Heart in 3 appetizing flavors
—just DEHYDRATED by the slow, low-temperature
process that saves vitamins. Contains only *federally
inspected* meats and meat by-products not ordinarily
selected for table use—but good for your dog.
No artificial flavoring or preservatives are added.
It's most economical, too—and easy to feed. Just
add water and watch how your dog goes for it!
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4 Generations of Glossy-coated Health

See what fine glossy coats this family of healthy cockers have,
when you visit the Red Heart Kennels. Ebony, Yvonne, and Tar
Baby never tasted anything but Red Heart Canned Dog Food,
Blacky thrives on nothing but Red Heart Dehydrated.



Still Shopping for Red Heart

... in the big thrifty 12-oz. carton with more vitamin
benefits and 2½ times the food value contained in
one can of Red Heart canned Dog Food. Just add
water and in a few seconds it's ready to feed.

An Invitation

You are cordially invited
to visit the
Red Heart Kennels
at 445 East Erie Street
Chicago, Illinois
at any time
Feeding hour—4 P. M.

NOTICE! In spite of tremendous process-
ing and packaging changes,
everything possible is being done to hasten dis-
tribution of Red Heart DEHYDRATED Dog
Food. If your grocer does not have it please be
assured that we will do our level best to supply
him as soon as possible.

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One carton equals 2½ cans of
canned Red Heart in food value



**Buy All 3 Flavors
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Doggone it's a
treat to watch him
go for Red Heart's
3 delicious flavors,
fed in rotation. He
has never had any-
thing else and
look what it has
done for him!

**RED
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Buy U. S.
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**The Genuine
-DEHYDRATED
3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD**



REPRESENTATIVE ELLIOTT HAGAN PRACTICES HIS IMITATION OF EX-GOVERNOR TALMADGE BACKSTAGE SURROUNDED BY A BEVY OF CHORUS GIRLS WHO APPEAR IN THE SAME SHOW

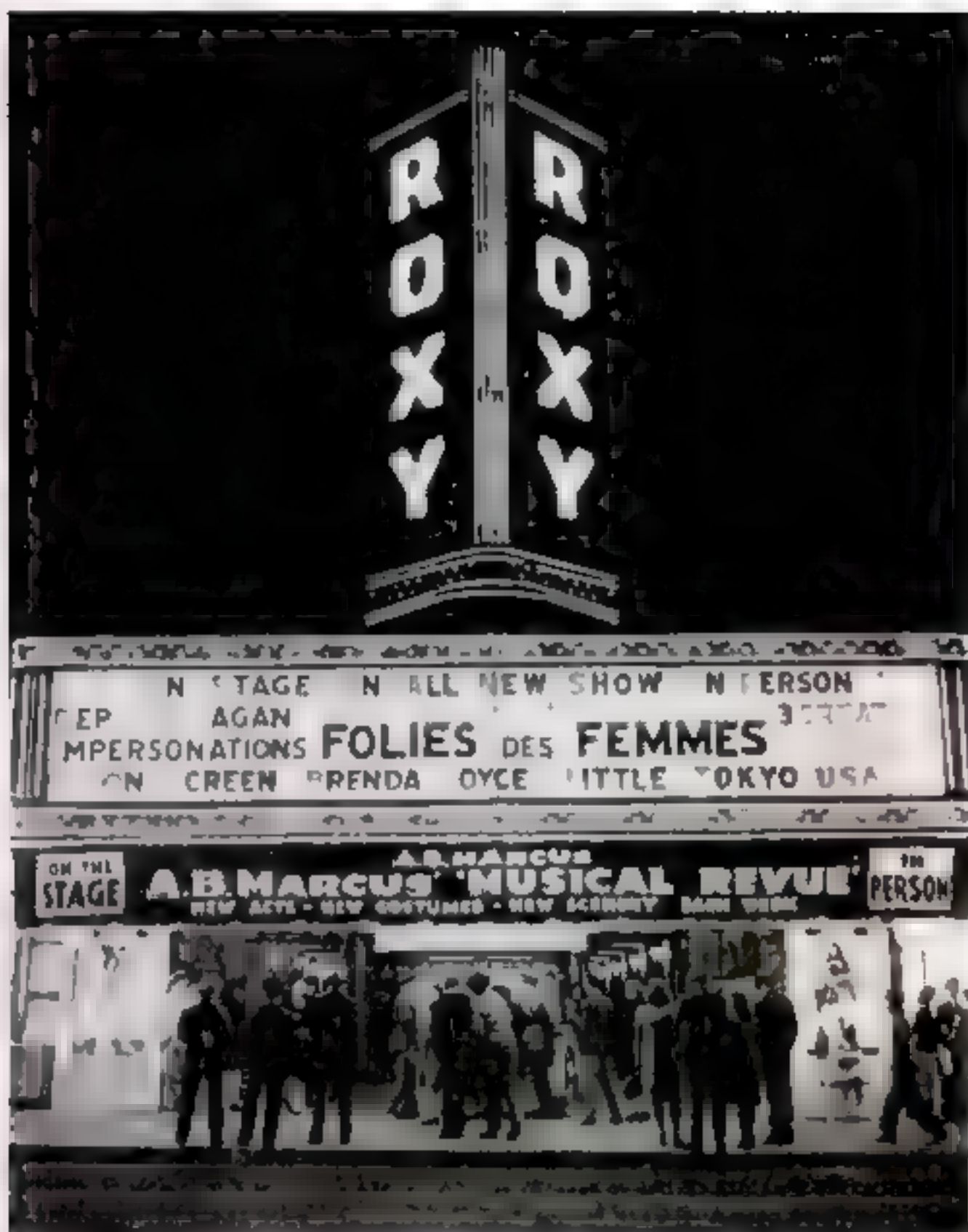
MOCK GOVERNOR

Georgia State Representative Hagan impersonates Gene Talmadge on stage

When he was beaten by Ellis Arnall in the November election, the political stock of Georgia's ranting, raving, ex-Governor Eugene Talmadge hit a new low. But now that he is just a private citizen, Talmadge's laughing stock has boomed. Leading the funmaking at Talmadge's expense is G. Elliott Hagan, who represents Screven County in the Georgia House of Representatives. Hagan began doing imitations of Talmadge and his rabble-rousing oratorical pyrotechnics when he was an undergraduate at the University of Georgia. A few weeks ago Hagan showed up for the weekly ama-

teur night in Atlanta with a clique of 35 fellow legislators. Although he failed to win first prize, Hagan was signed for a week's run at the Roxy Theater in Atlanta.

Three times a day Hagan shuffled on stage, ruffled up his hair, peeled off his coat with a typical Talmadge gesture and asked someone to "Hold mah coat for me." Then he went into a regular Talmadge patter with such lines as, "The poor man only has three friends, God Almighty, Sears Roebuck and Gene Talmadge." Talmadge went to see Hagan on the stage, came away saying, "That feller's pretty good. He made me laugh."



Marquee lights advertise Representative Hagan's appearance at the Roxy Theater in Atlanta, Ga. Hagan has No. 5 spot in a gaily gaily show but holds his own.



Talmadge imitation starts with Hagan fully dressed, but as he warms up he removes his jacket. Here he is haranguing the audience, pointing out the "even" boys.



Governor Ellis G. Arnall, who defeated Talmadge in the last election, went to see his political opponent — posted, roared during Hagan's irreverent impersonation.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THE "SALUTE" BY MALLORY *for "Men at Work"*

MEN WHO are doing their best, and supplying the best, deserve to wear the best! And that's what you get in the new Mallory **SALUTE**. THE **SALUTE** is made of *Phafelt*, an improvement in hatmaking that's exclusive with Mallory. It has a softness and resilience equal to that of the finest felts formerly imported. Through such softness more face-flattering style is achieved. And through such resilience your Mallory is protected from the ravages of dents and creases. They disappear without leaving a trace! Take THE **MALLORY SALUTE** in *Phafelt* shown above. Yes, we believe *you will* take it once you handle it and try it on! Only \$6.50. Other Mallory styles from five to ten dollars!



Buy *Rex Bonds* and *War Bonds* to help keep this hat in its rightful place, on top.

MALLORY
hats

**TASTE the
DIFFERENCE tonight!**

**FEEL the
DIFFERENCE
tomorrow!**



With the Big, 8 drink-size, 24 oz. bottles, you can enjoy the best for about 2 cents a highball. Also available in 12 oz. bottles. **BUY THE CARTON AND SAVE**

PROTECTIVE, natural mineral salts in White Rock...improve the flavor of all tall drinks, combat acidity, and help keep you feeling fit next day.

WHITE ROCK is mineral water...

SUPER-CHARGED

with a sparkle that stays to the end of a drink. See it bubble!

Compare White Rock with other water-mixers or club sodas. Try it tonight!

—On the Alkaline Side

Talmadge Impersonation (continued)



Talmadge's expression is mimicked by Hagan. The horn-rimmed glasses, the autographed suspenders, the grim-set mouth line and unruly hair are all Talmadge props.



"You cain't intimidayte me!" cries Hagan, using one of the ex-Governor's favorite refrains. Hagan was often heckled by Talmadge supporters but he didn't mind.



At his desk in the Georgia House of Representatives, Hagan looks like this. He is a University of Georgia graduate, edits the *Sylvania, Ga. Telephone*, a weekly paper.



The skin of freedom's teeth

When free America first struck back at total tyranny, Boeing Flying Fortresses* put teeth in our aerial offensive . . . smiting the enemy with death from the stratosphere.

In the photograph above, you see the aluminum "skin" that covers the wings of the Boeing B-17. To speed the output of the thirty-two-ton Fortresses, aluminum alloy sheets were needed of greater dimension than it is practical to manufacture.

On the machine pictured above, developed by Boeing tooling engineers, standard aluminum alloy stock is automatically spot-welded into "super-sheets"

up to 14 feet wide and any desired length. Many times faster than flush riveting, the Boeing automatic feed spot-welding tables make 65 controlled welds a minute, enabling Boeing to meet the extremely high U. S. Army requirements while maintaining quantity production. And the elimination of rivets reduces "drag" and increases speed in flight.

This is merely one of more than 100,000 special tools and templates developed by Boeing for the faster production of the Flying Fortress. Like many other Boeing-developed tools, it has been widely adopted by American aircraft manufacturers.

And tooling is but one of more than twenty-five different fields of engineering activity at Boeing . . . fields which might seem, to the uninitiated, a far cry from Flying Fortresses, Stratoliners,* globe-girdling Clippers and other Boeing-designed and Boeing-built airplanes.

• • •

It is this diverse skill and experience in manufacturing, tooling, engineering research and design which will some day make the phrase "Built by Boeing" a hall-mark of better products for free men in a better world

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

*THE TERMS FLYING FORTRESS AND STRATOLINER ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE MARKS

BOEING





IN REPOSE BETTY HUTTON HAS PRETTY FACE, WANTS TO BE DRAMATIC ACTRESS

BETTY HUTTON

Jitterbug girl sings and acts in "Happy Go Lucky"

The success story of Betty Hutton is that of a little girl who shunned glamor and decided to scream her way to fame. Dynamic proof that swing is here to stay, she is, at 22, Hollywood's newest musical comedy star. Awarded the title of "America's No. 1 Jitterbug," Betty Hutton uses more than her voice to put over a song. She mugs and grimaces, socks herself in the jaw, battles with imaginary adversaries, and at times looks more like an acrobat than a singer.

Three years ago Betty Hutton, doubling for a blonde cyclone, came to New York and took Broadway by storm. First night critics at *Two for the Show*, blinked their eyes when she turned a nursery rhyme into a jitterbug's delight. A few months later she did her bounce-and-bellow act in Cole Porter's hit show, *Panama Hattie*. Before Broadway, Betty played basketball in Michigan, sang in Midwest nightclubs, became a featured vocalist with Vincent Lopez' band where she originated her comedy act of fighting with the microphone and throwing her body around as though she had no further use for it.

Now in Paramount's *Happy Go Lucky*, Betty is co-starred with Mary Martin, Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken. At left, with words and gestures, is her treatment of movie's swing tune, "Murder," He Says.

BETTY CHANGED NAME FROM THORNBURG TO HUTTON WHILE WITH BAND



"WANT TO LEARN A STRIP ACT?"

NANETTE FABRAY, now appearing in the musical comedy hit "By Jupiter," gives a lesson in removing cosmetics.



"Pardon my reach... I happen not to like this stale make-up on my face, so after wearing it four hours I want to take it off with the *cleansingest* cleansing cream I can lay my hands on. Start looking for efficiency pure and simple and you're likely to pick Albolene Cleansing Cream, I find."



"The Mystery about Albolene is how it can get off make-up as heavy as this stage stuff—almost without rubbing, too—and have such a gentle, soothing feel to the skin. I guess the answer is purity."



"Goodby to stage life till tomorrow—but one professional habit I keep at home is cleansing with Albolene. Street cosmetics are so fine, I think they're pretty tricky to remove. I know I can trust Albolene."

Save Money 3 Ways with ALBOLENE Cleansing Cream

Price per pound 1 lb. for \$1



In 3 separate ways, Albolene Cleansing Cream can save you money! 1. Made and packaged without expensive "frills," you can buy a full pound for only a dollar! 2. First made for hospital and stage use, this cream is efficient—goes far. 3. You'll save money on expensive night creams—Albolene leaves your skin so silky-soft. Try Albolene Cleansing Cream—both your pocket-book and beauty will profit!

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.





Rudy Vallee plays a millionaire in *Happy Go Lucky*. Mary Martin, looking for rich husband, takes Rudy on a picnic but thunderstorm dampens any possible romance.



Under a cold shower Mary Martin sobers up as Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken look on in disgust. Mary, told to get Rudy Vallee romantic with liquor, got drunk herself.



Revealing evening gown is fashioned when Mary Martin, cooking a dinner for Rudy Vallee, gets her skirt caught in the oven. Betty Hutton soon suffers the same fate.

**WORTH REACHING FOR!
THE CHIN WITHOUT
'5 o'clock Shadow'**

YOU'RE clicking, brother, when your chin is so clean and sm-o-o-th that the gals instinctively reach up to caress it. No "5 o'clock Shadow!" No messy afternoon beard stubble! Your super-keen Gem Blade has given you *all-day* face neatness; has made you look your best and feel your best.

WAR-TIME THRIFT!

Gems are genuinely economical because they give more shaves per blade. And because they're made by the makers of your Gem Razor, they must fit precisely, shave perfectly!

CONSERVE! Take care of your Gem Razor. It is made of critical material. Don't drop it, don't abuse it, dry it carefully after each shave... Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEM

GEM BLADE

How to grow your own Corn

Why the canners of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn are running this message

Everybody who can handle a hoe, and has even a tiny garden plot, is expected to lend a hand this year in raising more vegetables for his country in Victory Gardens.

Up here in the Hiawatha-land we hope to produce an even greater crop of canned corn than ever before.

But at least 50 per cent of all we raise must help feed our fighters and allies. Whatever you can raise will help those at home who haven't time or space for gardening. Here's hoping you'll have fun—and get a great corn crop!



P. S. We wish we could send you some of our own secret seed (D-138) for the corn in your Victory Garden, but we have only enough for our own plantings.

1—Decide how much you want. As a basis for planning we suggest three 30-foot rows planted in three 10-foot "hitches," as described. Under ideal conditions this should give you about 50 ears a week for 3 to 4 weeks.

First Secret—Good Seed

We recommend any good golden hybrid seed, for its flavor as well as its greater content of vitamin A. For three 30-foot rows, you'll need 3 ounces of seed.



2—Preparing the soil



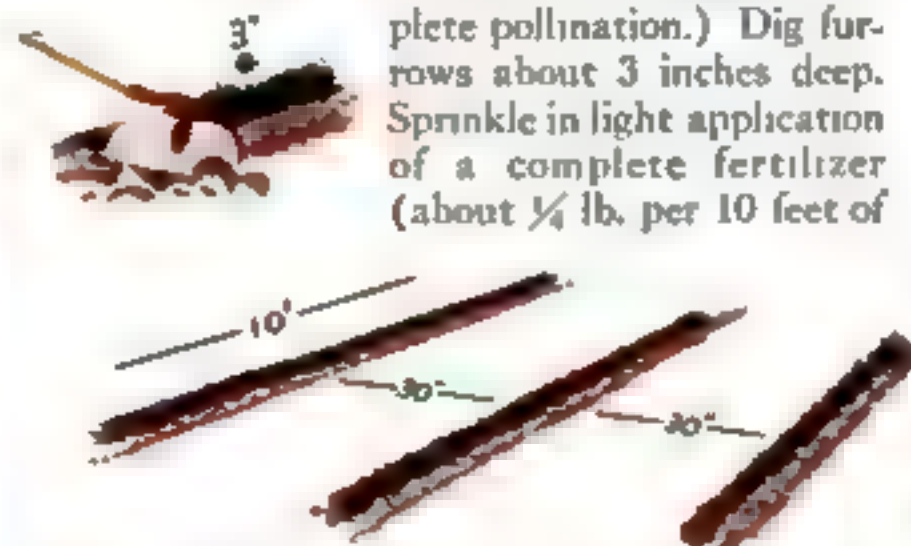
As soon as you can get into the garden plot without getting your feet muddy, turn soil about 8 inches and pulverize with back of spading fork or spade. (Most people spade deeper than necessary.) Spade in a good application of compost or manure, if available. Rake smooth.

3—When to plant. When temperature of soil is about 55°F. (Just insert ordinary outside thermometer into ground so bulb is 4 inches below surface; leave for 10 minutes to register temperature.)



4—HOW TO PLANT

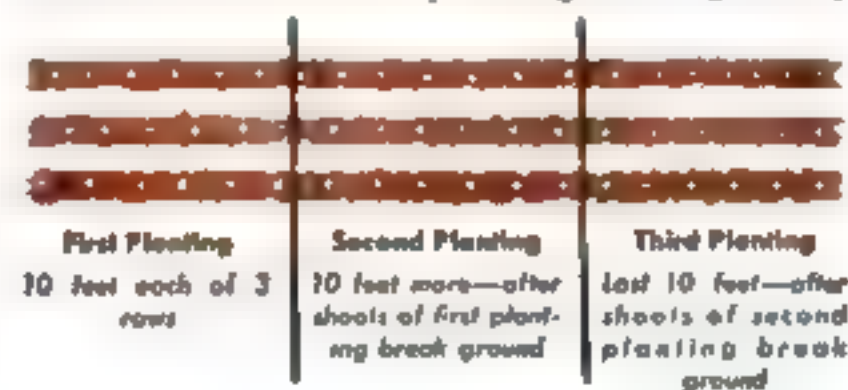
Rows give greater yield than hills. With stakes and string mark out three rows 30 inches apart and ten feet long. (The three rows planted at one time are needed for complete pollination.) Dig furrows about 3 inches deep. Sprinkle in light application of a complete fertilizer (about ¼ lb. per 10 feet of



row). Cover fertilizer with 1½ inches of soil. Put in seeds 6 to 8 inches apart and cover with 1 to 1½ inches of loose soil. Soil should be firmed down over the seed, but not packed. Plant corn on north side of garden to prevent shading other vegetables.

Extend your Roastin' Ear season

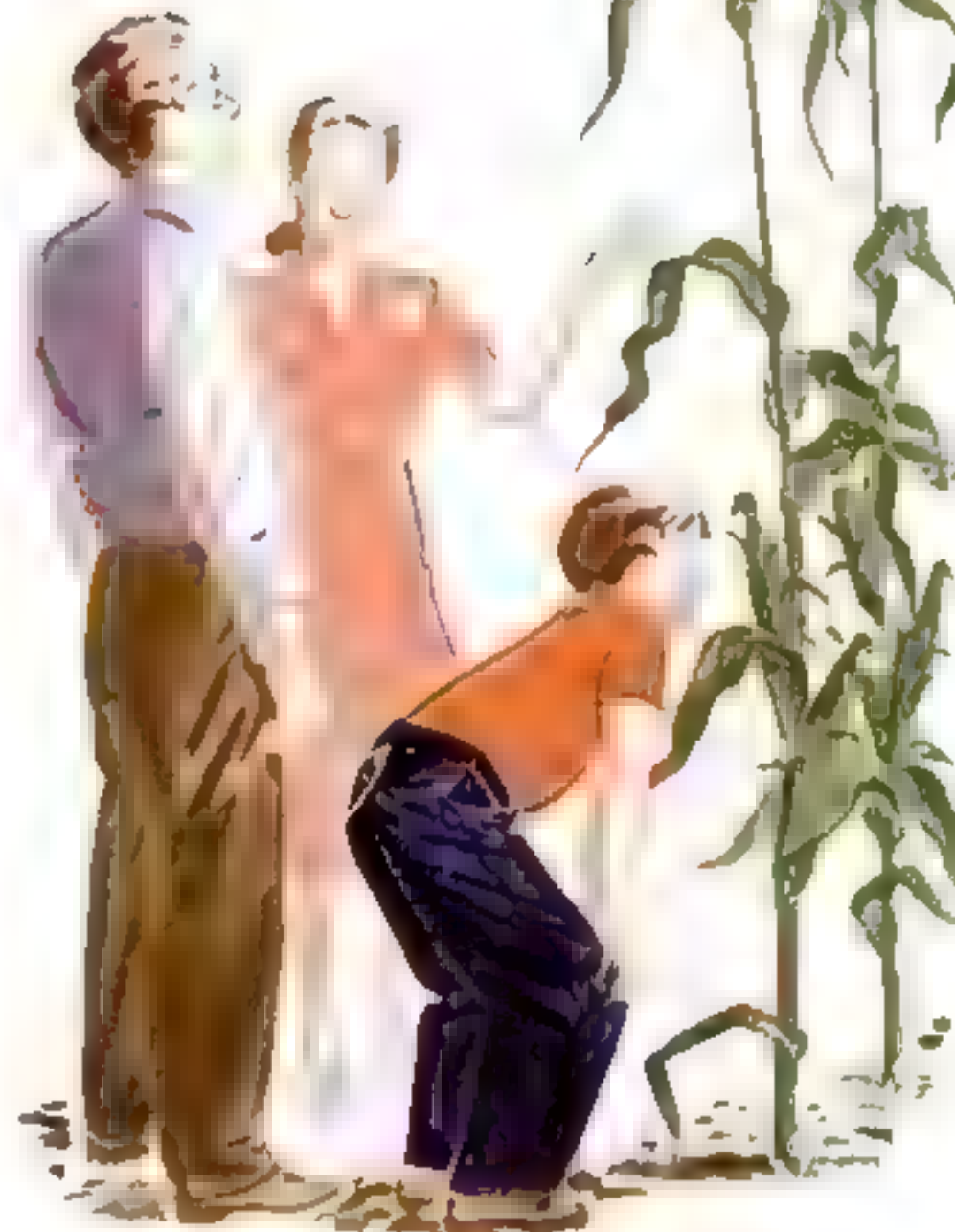
with three plantings. You have already used 10 feet of each of your three 30-foot rows. After the shoots of the first planting break ground,



plant 10 feet more side by side in each of the three rows. Then when the second planting shows above ground, put in the third planting of 10 feet in each of the rows.

5—Go after weeds

from the start. Keep the hoe sharp with a file and just shave off weeds when small. Deep hoeing does no good and is likely to cut the roots of the corn. Don't remove suckers from corn plants.



6—Pick it young, pick it tender

The whole fun of eating corn-on-the-cob (or off) is to eat it garden-fresh and juicy. Up here in the Hiawatha-land, we have scientific tests to tell us when the corn is perfect for eating. That is not practical for home gardeners, but here is information that will help you. After the tassels have been out about 18 days and the silk has started to dry up, carefully open a few of



the husks, and press a kernel with your thumbnail. If the milk squirts out, the ear is approaching eating maturity. If you want that fresh, garden flavor, serve right after picking. Corn should be dropped into boiling water and kept at a boil for 5 minutes—no longer.

SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET

"The Green Giant's Secrets in Growing Peas and Corn"



Here are the discoveries that our horticulturists have made over 20 years of growing the finest varieties of corn and peas. Tells when to plant, types of seed to use, how to prepare soil, how to tend the growing plants and how to combat garden pests. Also practical serving ideas. For this 28-page, illustrated booklet, just send three cents in stamps to Minnesota Valley Canning Company, LeSueur, Minnesota, or Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.

Niblets Brand Whole Kernel Corn

-WHEN YOUR
THROAT IS DRY



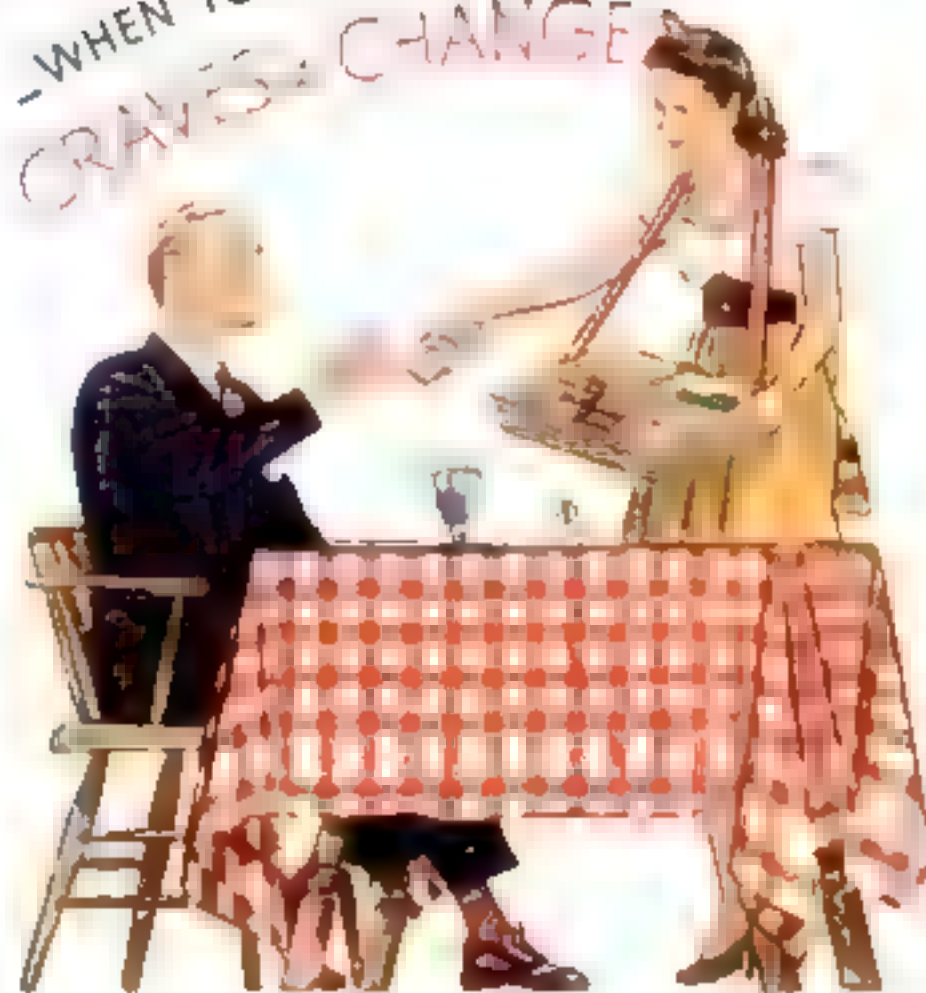
Throat dry, tired, or over-stained? Change to Spud Imperials! Enjoy the feeling of cool, soothing refreshment that only Spuds' gentle touch of menthol can give. It's a change your tired throat will really appreciate!

-WHEN YOU HAVE
A COLD



Thousands of smokers switch to Spud Imperials at the first sign of taste-dulling colds! The exhilarating menthol in Spuds seems to cut right through that cold-clogged taste, and bring back old-time smoking pleasure!

-WHEN YOUR TASTE
CRAVES CHANGE



When the old brand seems to "miss the mark"—try Spuds! Those fine tobaccos—with just a touch of cool menthol—will bring your taste back smiling! Try a Spud Imperial today—just for the thrill of it!

5 times when to **SWITCH TO SPUDS!**

SPUDS ARE A CIGARETTE for those *special times* when you feel the need of a change! They're *lightly mentholated* by an exclusive process that means smooth coolness in every puff. They contain a special modern moisture-retaining ingredient that adds no irritating acrolein fumes to your smoke. They're blended of selected tobaccos that tell you "Here's quality!" What more could you ask of *any* cigarette? Try Spuds today!

-WHEN YOUR
VOICE IS HOARSE



Voice husky? Smoke a pack of Spuds! They're not a remedy! But *many* find them more agreeable, more *pleasing*, at times when they *can't* enjoy other cigarettes! Treat your throat to Spud Imperials tonight!

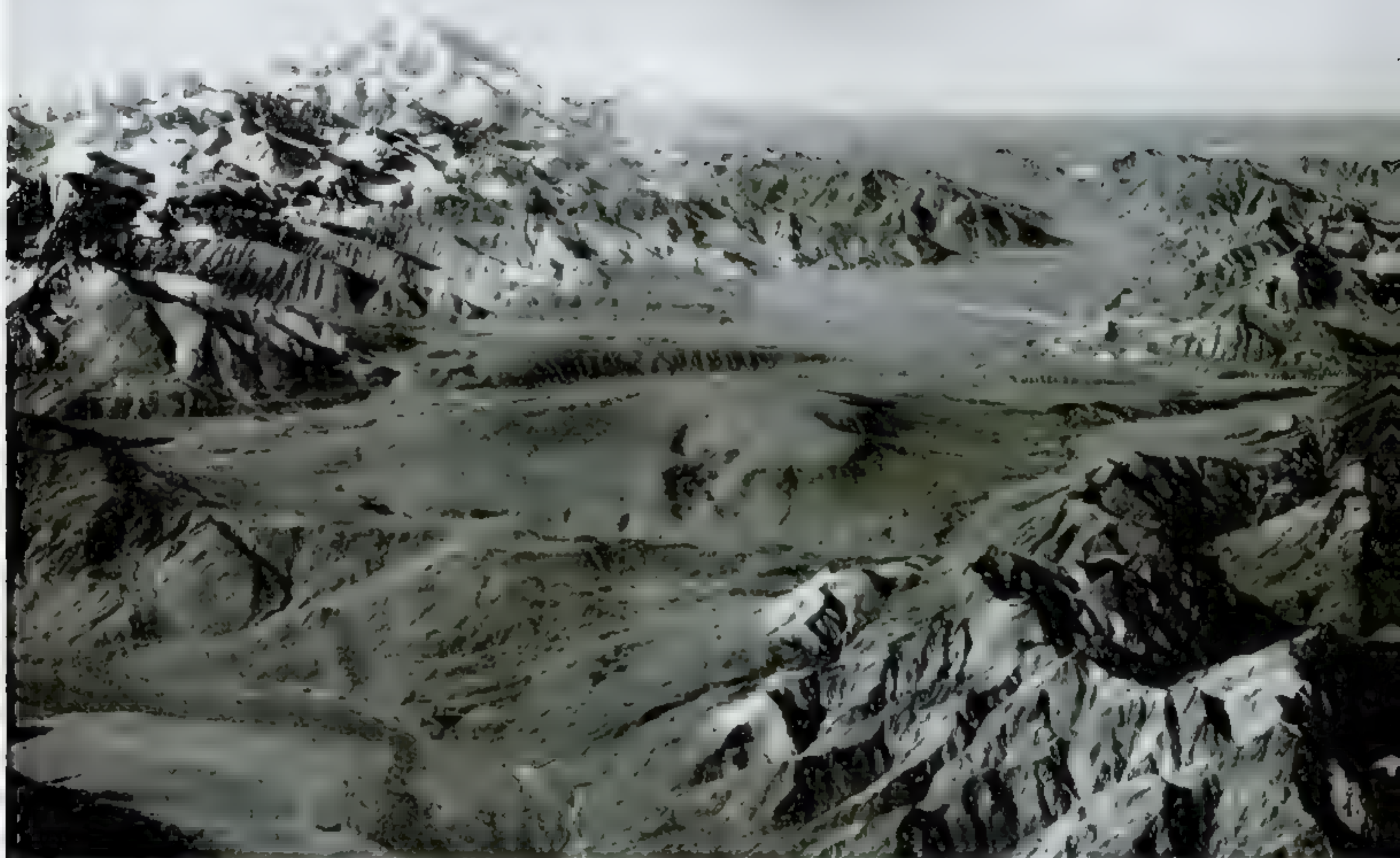


THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC.,
"HOUSE OF TRADITION," LOUISVILLE, KY

-WHEN YOU DEVELOP
A COLD



Switch to Spuds! Their greater length gives increased smoke filtration . . . their smooth menthol gives you a feeling of cool refreshment . . . and their modern moisture-retaining agent adds no irritating acrolein to your smoke!



FROM A DISTANCE OF 75 MILES, 20,300-FT. MT. MCKINLEY STANDS CRAGGY AND AUSTERE, TOWERING ABOVE A VALLEY WILDERNESS OF GLACIERS, RIDGES AND FROZEN RIVER BEDS

MT. MCKINLEY

Quartermaster Corps expedition
tests winter equipment there

The afternoons of July 23 and 24, 1942, seven men struggled to the top of Alaska's Mt. McKinley, the highest peak on the North American continent. It was the third time in history that the 20,300-ft. mountain had been climbed.

But this was not just an ordinary mountain-climbing expedition. It was a 17-man expedition organized by the Quartermaster Corps, with the close cooperation of the Army Air Forces, the Medical Corps, the Signal Corps, the Canadian Army and the

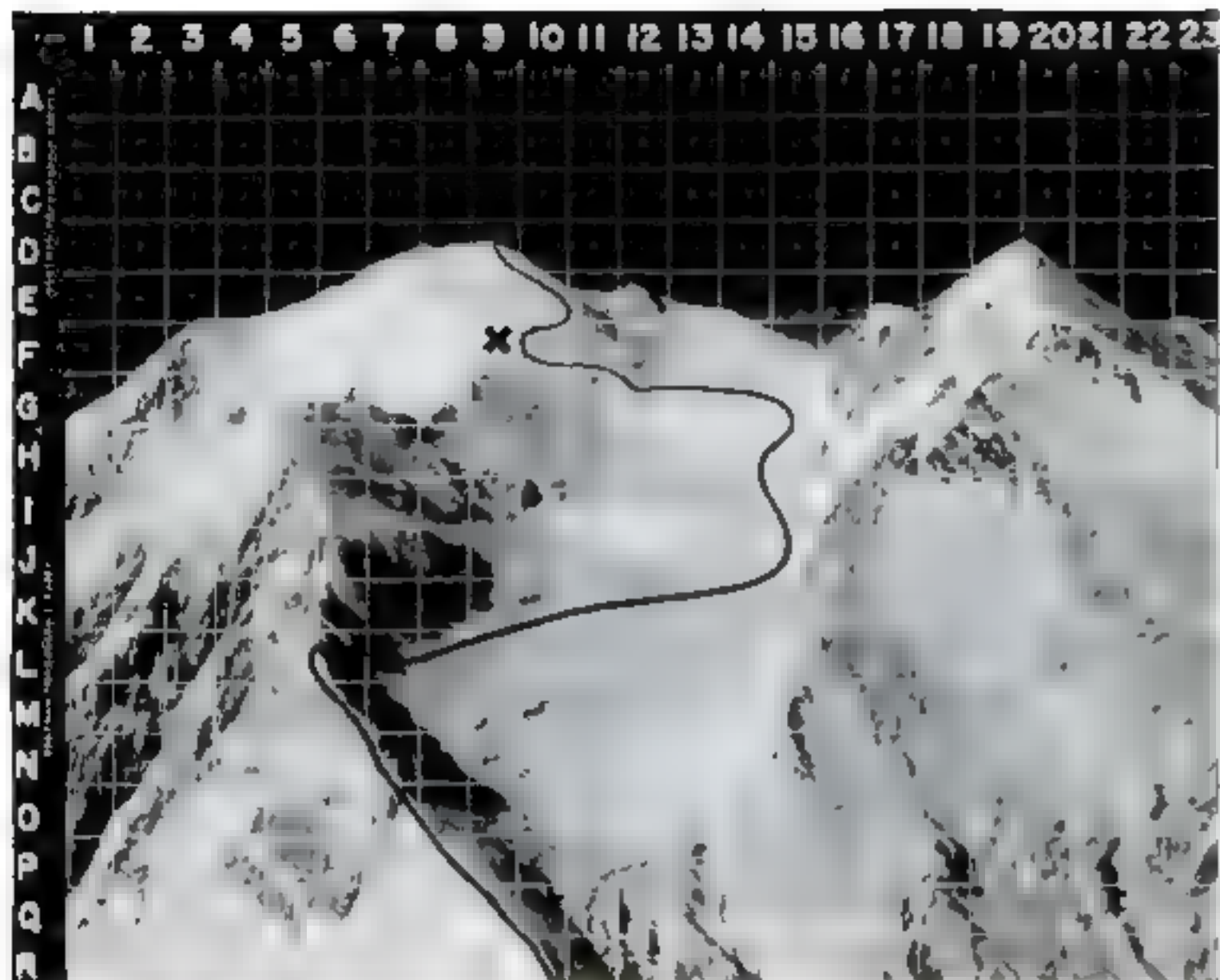
Royal Canadian Air Force. Its job was to give exhaustive field tests to equipment for arctic troops. For these tests the area around Mt. McKinley was selected because it provides more intense cold than any other locality on the continent. Even in summer, its temperatures fall to 23° below zero and storms frequently cover its peaks. The actual climb to its summit was merely incidental to the utilization of its frigid climate. For more on what the expedition did and the equipment it tested, see pages following.

THE LAST HUNDRED YARDS UP TO THE SUMMIT ARE CONQUERED BY TWO MEN OF THE EXPEDITION AT 4:10 ON THE AFTERNOON OF JULY 23. EVENTUALLY SEVEN MEN GOT TO TOP





VERTIGINOUS VISTA OF PEAKS AND
CLOUDS FROM TOP OF MT. MCKINLEY



Grid was placed over photograph of mountain to enable Army supply planes to know where to drop supplies by parachute. Expedition, for instance, would call by radio for supplies at F9.



Expedition's route up Mt. McKinley began at 5,000-ft. base camp, continued up through five intermediate camps to the summit at 20,300 ft. Top camp was in a snow valley at 18,000 ft.



Along a ridge on the northeast slope of the mountain plod three members of the expedition. On this ridge a snowstorm caught them, forced them to hang on for grim life for three days.



15,000-ft. camp, pitched in deep snow, was typical of all the camps on the way up. After its establishment, some men pushed up higher while others returned lower for food and supplies.



Portable radio is manipulated by operator sitting on a pack board. With radios like this the expedition kept in touch with base camp, and base camp communicated with outside world.



Supply load, dropped from Army plane, is found on side of mountain. Even supply boxes and methods of dropping supplies with parachutes were tested. Most containers were undamaged.

SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT IS ACCEPTED, SOME REJECTED, AND SOME REDESIGNED

The purpose of the expedition was not to determine what equipment is best for expert mountain and ski troops, but what is best for ordinary American soldiers forced to fight in cold weather. The commanding officer was Lieut. Colonel Frank G. Marchman of the

Quartermaster Corps, while chief photographer and guide was the famous mountain-climbing expert, Brad Washburn, who is supposed to know the mountains of Alaska better than any man alive.

Actual equipment tested ranged all the way from

tents and parachutes to food rations, stoves, boots and socks. Some of the more interesting items are shown on these pages. As a result of the tests, some items have been accepted without revision, others definitely rejected, while many have been drastically redesigned.



These three tents all proved unsatisfactory. Left, is a Logan tent, center, a sloping-ridge tent; right, a Mt. Everest tent. Tent finally accepted by the Quartermaster Corps resembled

the middle tent, except that it had a horizontal ridge, and a less droopy appearance. Such tests as this, in continued cold weather, on rough terrain, are more exacting than tests in lab-

oratory cold rooms because they test not only for cold, but for wear and tear on muddy, snowy ground. In addition to durability, equipment was also tested for lightness and mobility.



Mountain sleeping bag, made of two bags, was warm and good. It should have been filled with eiderdown, but because of the shortage of down was filled with 60% feathers, 40% down.

The expedition felt at one point that they would have to rely on such warmth-giving equipment even more completely than they had expected. While they were part way up the mountain,

the Japs invaded the Aleutians and all available planes, including their best supply planes, were sent to western Alaska. Eventually they got back enough planes to continue work.



R.C.A.F. flying suit is tested by Squadron Leader Webb of R.C.A.F. in cold of 18,000 ft. Made of tough twill with an inner lining of wool pile, it proved warm, efficient, comfortable.



Reversible overcoat parka, with snow camouflage on one side and olive drab on other, is tested by Captain Bates. It has a removable lining. Expedition thought it too complicated.



British Mt. Everest suit is tested to see if the unusual design of the pants and hood is efficient. Unfortunately the pants were too tight and the hood became frosted much too easily.



Solid and flexible plastic canteens, made entirely without rubber, proved very good. The flexible was better because it could be rolled up when emptied and carried in small space.



Armored Force stove was almost foolproof. With one burner, it operated on any kind of gasoline and could be packed into a compact unit. Only water available was melted snow.



Paper underwear was windproof and warm but it tended to go to pieces too easily when wet. Its warmth, however, was surprising, proving that huns on a park bench have sound ideas.



This Army soup kettle was smashed when aerial supply box containing it was towed around after landing by its parachute, smashing against rocks. Kettle was used for water.



A.A.F. Alaskan boot is good for flying but proved highly unsatisfactory for arctic ground work. Lined with sheepskin it has a rubber bottom, cannot be turned inside out to dry.

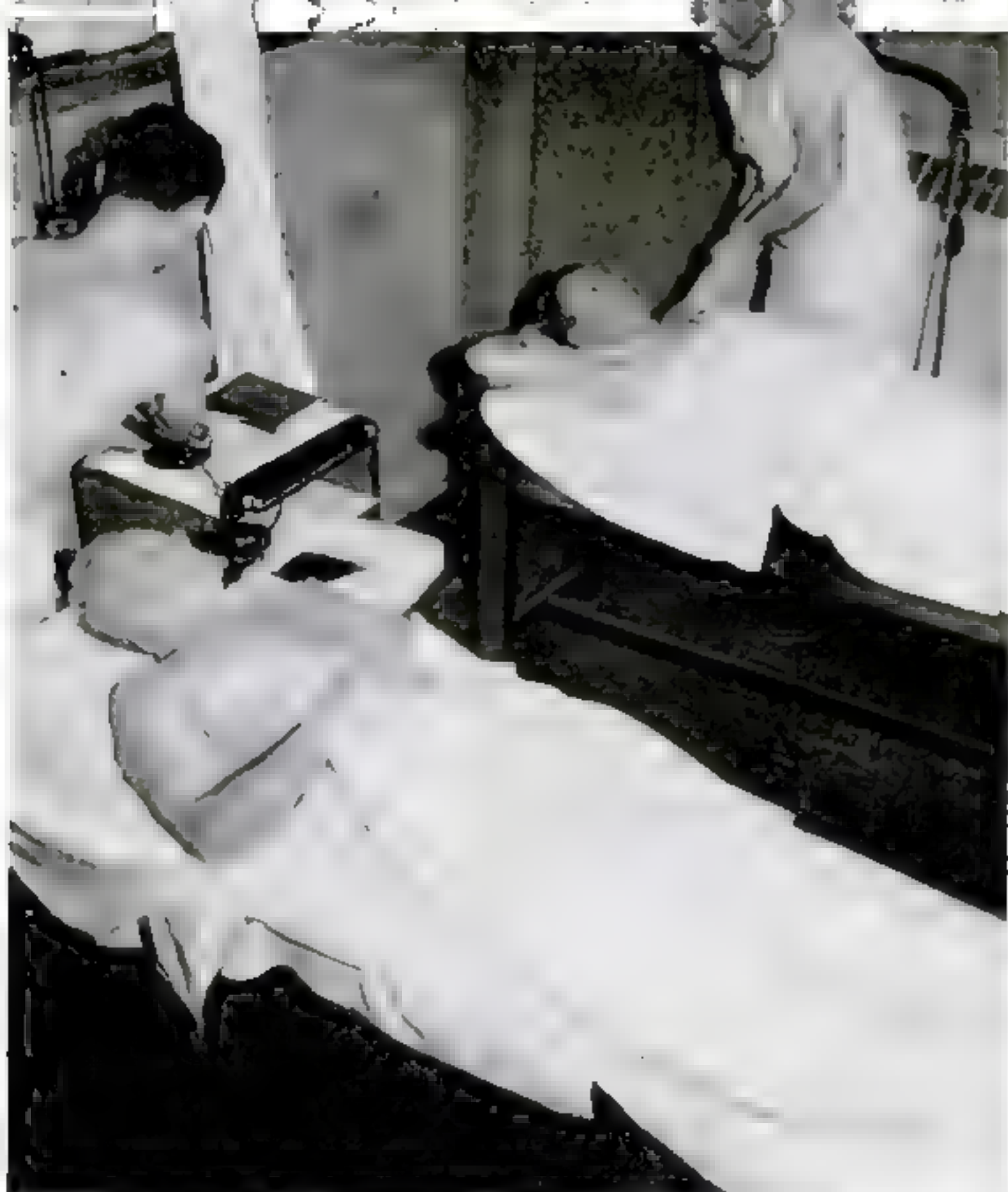


Mukluks are best footwear for the Arctic. They are made of tanned leather bottoms with sturdy canvas-duck tops. Inside are heavy woolen socks, a felt slipper, a heavy burlap insole.

CLOSE-UP



BILL JACK POSES BEFORE PICTURE
PAINTED BY ONE OF HIS WORKERS



Massage room is open to all associates at no cost, along with steam room and sun lamps. Here, President Jack and son Russ have their daily rubdowns while conducting business by telephone.



Smoking on the job is permitted. Most defense plants would forbid Phyllis Curry (above) to wear a sweater. At Jack & Heintz, however, pretty girls are considered a stimulus, not a distraction.

JACK & HEINTZ

CLEVELAND WAR PLANT IS PARADISE OF BONUSES, SUNBATHS, WOLF CALLS AND FREE FLORIDA VACATIONS

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

The low point of Bill Jack's life, as he looks back, was on Christmas Eve, 1906, which he spent inside the firebox of a threshing machine's engine. Jack, who had been working in Columbus in a sugar-mill machinery plant, had lost his job, and was down to a dollar and a half. Someone told him that the Marmon motor car company of Indianapolis was taking on men, so Bill sent a dollar home to his wife and infant son in Cleveland, went out to the Panhandle freight yards in Columbus, and hooked an Indianapolis-bound freight. It was a bitter cold night, the kind when a man could freeze to death in an empty boxcar. Jack climbed over the cars until he saw a flatcar on which was a big threshing machine. He crawled up and poked around. The firebox door swung open invitingly; Jack stuck his head in and saw a space big enough under the boiler to hold his 5 ft. 6 in. in comfort. He searched the train until he had an armful of engine-wiper's waste and excelsior.

Then he crawled in the engine and built a cozy fire, which he stoked and replenished between naps during the all-night trip. Next morning he unlimbered, went to the Marmon plant, and got a job.

Subsequently Bill Jack returned to Cleveland and worked at various local plants as a machinist. Later, for five years, he was business agent of the International Association of Machinists. After that he opened a plant of his own, prospered, expanded, started other businesses. In time he became a millionaire. Three years ago, with his two sons and an engineer named Ralph Heintz, he founded the firm of Jack & Heintz, Inc. of Cleveland and Bedford, Ohio, which is currently turning out airplane starters, gyropilots and other flight instruments at the rate of \$84,000,000 worth a year.

If that were all, the saga of Bill Jack would be simply the story of another poor boy who made

good. But there is a good deal more. The firm of Jack & Heintz became a public issue a year ago when a Congressional investigating committee looked into its records and found a wonderland where workers got free fight tickets, watches, fruit and nuts, monthly banquets and huge bonuses, and Bill Jack's own secretary earned \$39,356 in a year. There were shouts of profiteer. Later, stories of another sort began to filter into the papers—stories of enormous output at low cost, of Jack & Heintz getting the Army and Navy "E." People began to wonder if they had heard right the first time. Today, in Cleveland, one still hears two completely opposite opinions about Jack & Heintz. The average factory worker says something like, "Brother, working for Bill Jack is my idea of blue heaven." What the average employer says would not get through the U. S. mails.

The kindest word most of the other employers have for Jack & Heintz is "socialistic." Yet what

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Jahco Melodie Boys, all associates, rehearse on their own time, play at parties, dinners and entertainments. Next to the *Jahco Victory Song* their most popular number is *Roll Out The Stars*



Ladies' rest room at the bowling alleys has soft couches and chairs, thick rugs, indirect lighting. There is another such room for women in the plant itself. Men's rest rooms are similarly furnished.



RED CROSS
MENDING SERVICE

When the
going gets
tough...



Here's 3-way help in adding a lift to meals

MOTT'S Apple Sauce—A blend of five varieties of the finest New York State apples.

MOTT'S Jellies—Serve them with main course or as a between-meal snack.

MOTT'S Cider Vinegar—Gives zest to salads.

3 OF THE FAMOUS

MOTT'S PRODUCTS

A glass a day is the natural way

SUNSWEEP PRUNE JUICE

Vitamins, carbohydrates, laxative effect—that's the team that means 3-way help in feeling fit.

Distributed by the makers of famous Mott's Products



"Spring-Tonic" for your hard working feet



Smart-looking Roberts, Johnson & Rand are perfect for today's non-stop days. They'll carry you untiringly through a long day on the job smartly through an evening of relaxation. Get a pair today

MOST SMILES
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MOST STYLES
\$4.50
TO
\$8.85
A FEW STYLES
HIGHER

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • Since 1898 • Div. of International Shoe Co. • St. Louis, Mo.



The wolf call is given to a late-comer by his fellow workers as a sign of their reproach. Uncooperative associates are censured, not by Jack or Heintz, but by their colleagues.

JACK & HEINTZ (continued)

goes on at the company is not socialism. Neither is it capitalism, exactly. It is hard to define, perhaps, because it is the product of an anomaly. One of the steadfast principles of popular psychology is that success turns a radical into a conservative. "Give a Communist money," the aphorism goes, "and you get a Republican." Not that Bill Jack was ever a Communist or close to it; he has voted as an independent all his life. However, he was an ordinary workingman for ten years, and an aggressive labor leader for eight more. When he resigned as business agent of the machinists union he wrote his own epitaph in the union paper, setting forth what he considered a sound relationship between labor and management. He believed in the closed shop, in conciliation to prevent strikes, and in the all-pervading importance of "the human equation." Given high pay and personal respect the workingman, he said, would turn out more production for his boss. Today, as an employer, Bill Jack operates on the same set of beliefs. "I remember how I wanted to be treated when I was at a bench," he says, "and I try to treat the people in our business the same way."

Most up-from-the-ranks executives probably would subscribe to this idea, at least in theory. In Bill Jack's hands, however, it has resulted in a managerial technique that embodies many of the qualities of college football, a health farm, More's Utopia, a revival meeting and bingo. After a week or two in this atmosphere, the average new Jack & Heintz worker has the ecstatic, somewhat stunned look of a Father Divine follower. In this interval he has been told that he is not an employee, but an "associate." He has been given a complete physical examination, including a full-mouth X-ray, and his bad teeth have been pulled or filled. He has a \$2,500 life insurance policy, a \$2,500 accident policy, a health insurance policy covering his family, and a minimum guarantee of \$15 a week in benefits for eight weeks if he gets sick. He has a new pair of comfort shoes worth \$15, and two sets of coveralls with his first name embroidered over the right breast and "Jahco" over the heart. Laundry service, like everything else, is free. He has been eating a nutritious hot lunch every day in a plant cafeteria and topping it off with a packet of high-test vitamin pills. In the plant he can amble over any time and have a cup of coffee and a couple of doughnuts on the house. He has his own coffee cup, with his name embossed on it. If he gets tired he is encouraged to stop work and go to the steam room for a Turkish bath and massage. If, after a few months, he feels the need of sunshine and a real rest, he and his wife can take a free two-week vacation either at Honeymoon Isle, an exotic resort off the west coast of Florida, or in summer at Harbor Island, in Lake Huron's Georgian Bay.

Not a "Sir" in the plant

At work he hears music all day long, and he can request his favorite songs. If they aren't in the company's collection of 5,000 records, they'll be bought. If he has a birthday he will get congratulations from his associates over the public-address system and a rousing recording of "Happy birthday to you." If he wants to sing, he can sing. If he wants to smoke, he can smoke. The only prohibition is that he call no one, least of all Bill Jack, "Mister" or "sir" or anything else except by a first name or nickname.

Furthermore, the associate probably has more cash in his pocket than ever before in his life. Jack & Heintz's hourly wage rates (there



The Pe ty girl and the Varga calendar, which are everywhere on the walls, give plant air of a college dormitory room. Framed corn-fed verse by Edgar Guest is also popular.

is no piece work) start at 85¢ for women, 95¢ for men. However, whereas most defense plants work three eight-hour shifts and a six-day week, the associates voted last year to operate on a two-shift basis, with an 11½-hour working day seven days a week. Hence they roll up an enormous amount of overtime at time-and-a-half rates, and the lowliest apprentice earns about \$400 a month. On top of this the associate can expect a "production bonus" of \$50 every few months, provided the plant in which he works has met its production quota. At Christmas time, he can look forward to a plant-wide bonus which last time averaged \$300 per man, along with a basket containing a 15-lb. turkey and assorted delicacies.

If the associate's spirit should flag despite all this, it is revived almost hourly over the public address system. He may get a dose of the *Jahco Victory Song*, a rousing march written by Roy Cameron of the starter-assembly department and played enthusiastically by the Jahco Melodie Boys. Like their director, Reno Pacques, head of the heat-treating department, all the 14 Melodie Boys hold down regular full-time jobs in the company. Their recording of the *Victory Song* is sold at cost to each new associate; the sheet music is free. When the *Song* comes over the public-address system, everybody cheers and sings lustily. Next to it, the associates like best *Roll Out The Starters*, a Melodie Boy rendition to the tune of "Roll out the barrel."

Several times a day Bill Jack cuts in on the music from the microphone that stands beside his desk. His remarks resemble the late Knute Rockne's dressing-room fight-talks. They always start off with an imperative, "Bill Jack calling!" A muffled cheer filters back from the plants. Then, perhaps: "All associates, big news today! We got another big new order! I don't know *how* we'll do it yet—but we'll *do* it! (cheers) We've got a war to win. The boys out there on the fronts—boys from our own families, our own associates—they're depending on us. Now I wanta say something about the steam room. I hear the associates in the steam room haven't got all the business they can handle. There's nothing like a good steam bath to fix you up when you're tired, or to keep off a bad cold. Don't forget about the steam room! And you foremen! Be sure, when any associates go over to the steam room, they wear their overcoats and hats. The weather is terrible outside today. And that reminds me. The Chief tells me license plate 116 has been cutting in and out of traffic leaving the plant. You know that's dangerous. Better not do it today, 116, because there's a lot of ice, and you'll go in the ditch. Now, remember we got a war to win. We gotta get going! That's all. Thanks a lot. See you later."

No coach ever had a more enthusiastic team than the associates. After one of Jack's discourses, the five gleaming, glass-and-brick Jack & Heintz plants seem to shiver slightly as 4,000 men and 2,000 women hew to their work with fierce energy. To the associates, Bill is the greatest man since Lincoln. They defend him vehemently and imaginatively against all criticism, and fervent ones have been known to clout doubting outsiders over the head.

However, among Cleveland's workingmen and women, there are few doubters left. The waiting list for jobs at Jack & Heintz has been as high as 34,000, although the Cleveland area has a serious labor shortage. This is one of the main reasons for Jack's unpopularity among other employers. They have noticed that whenever the associates get some new facility or privilege, the news sweeps like a troubled breeze through their own plants next day, and for days afterward morale is shaken. From time to time some of the industrialists try to reason with Jack, pointing out that he is ruining the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SMART AS A FOX

every time he lights his pipe!



He knows his smoke meets the INDOOR TEST



Listen, fella! The man smoking BOND STREET is smart in two ways.

First, he gets the cool, bite-free, mellow flavor usually found in expensive custom blends. Second, his pipe pleases everybody. Even the ladies like BOND STREET's delightful aroma. It leaves no stale pipe odors in the room.

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend.

It's genuinely aromatic. Doesn't lose its flavor. Try BOND STREET. Buy a package—today.

15¢

POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding
Pocket Pouch—10c

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO

A product of PHILIP MORRIS



CRESTA

the crest of quality since 1890

BLANCA

WINES

SERVE THE BEST ...FOR LITTLE MORE!

You will delight in the "bottle-ripe" flavor... the exquisite bouquet of Cresta Blanca California Wines. Your first sip tells you why... since 1890...they have been hailed as the "crest of quality." Ask for them by name.

CALIFORNIA WHITE WINES

Cresta Blanca Sauterne (fairly sweet)
Cresta Blanca Haut Sauterne (full, sweet)
Cresta Blanca Chateau (rich, mellow)
Cresta Blanca Riesling (superior-dry)
Cresta Blanca Chablis (crisp and dry)

CALIFORNIA RED WINES

Cresta Blanca Claret Superior (med.-bodied)
Cresta Blanca Burgundy (robust)

CALIFORNIA SWEET WINES

Cresta Blanca Sherry (medium-dry, nutty)
Cresta Blanca Port (ruby)

★ make your dollars fight...
buy war bonds and stamps!



Cresta Blanca Wine Co. Inc.
Livermore, California

TUNE IN! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" with Morton Gould's Orchestra. See your paper for time and station each week.



Adeline Bowman, Jack's secretary, made headlines when her \$39,336 salary was subject of Congressional investigation. Of Jack she says: "That man has a seventh vision."

JACK & HEINTZ (continued)

local labor market. He always answers with the suggestion that they try out his system in their own plants.

He can support his suggestion with impressive arguments. Jack & Heintz, according to unofficial estimates, turns out more production per worker and per square foot of floor space than any other factory in the U. S. Moreover, despite its bonuses, gifts and free services, the company has a lower cost of production than its competitors and sells its products to the Government at considerably less than they can.

One factor in lowering output and increasing costs for most companies is absenteeism, a delicate expression for the fact that tired or bored workers are inclined to go A.W.O.L. In many plants today it runs as high as 10 and even 15%. At Jack & Heintz there is virtually no absenteeism. Even counting excusable absences, such as for illness, the number of man-hours lost is only a tiny fraction of 1%. For the two-month period just ended, attendance was 100%. The associates put in more than 80 hours a week with only one day off a month, and most of them gain weight at it. Jack attributes this partly to their peace of mind, partly to the vitamins, steam baths, health shoes and so on. The associates themselves feel that working for Jack & Heintz is as good as a trip to Lourdes. They cite miraculous cures, such as the chronic asthmatic who wanted to join the Army but was rejected and took a job at Jack & Heintz. After a few months he had another physical examination, and was reclassified from 4-F to 1-A.

Wolf call for shirkers and strange women

Another reason for their high output and low costs, Jack & Heintz believe, is that all the associates have a feeling of personal responsibility for meeting the quotas. Any associate who shirks on the job finds himself highly unpopular among the others. There are no time clocks, but a man who shows up for work late gets the "wolf call"—a nerve-shattering combination of howls and yelps. The wolf call is indigenous to Jack & Heintz, and started no one quite knows how. An expression of disapproval usually, it is also a symptom of high spirits and may break out any time, particularly when a strange woman enters the plant.

The associates have other, even more drastic forms of discipline. If a man loafs or does slipshod work, thus pulling down his department's production average, his neighbors at nearby machines form a committee and notify him that he must either reform or get out. For shop troublemakers, there are solemn kangaroo courts. It is almost never necessary for a foreman to fire anyone. If it should be, however, the victim can appeal his case directly to Bill Jack. Jack's decision is always taken on faith by the union. Jack & Heintz has a closed-shop agreement with the International Association of Machinists, the same union whose Cleveland locals Jack helped organize 30 years ago.

Full of the spirit of cooperation, the associates are as generous to a good cause as they are stern with evildoers. Each Christmas they distribute baskets of food to Cleveland's poor. Every Sunday morning, while mellow church music comes over the public-address sys-

**NOBODY
LIKES
YOU
WHEN YOU
COUGH**
(DUE TO A COLD)

**SMITH BROS.
COUGH DROPS**

It's an old American custom and a good one; at the first sign of a cough due to a cold, take Smith Bros. Since 1847 these famous Drops have been giving relief—soothing relief, quick relief. And they sell cost only a nickel a box. Two kinds:
BLACK OR MENTHOL 5¢

Royalton
QUALITY
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Tops in smoking pleasure

**OUR MEN NEED
★ BOOKS ★**

**SEND
ALL YOU CAN SPARE**

GIVE A BOOST WITH A BOOK—Good books, in good condition, are wanted by the 1943 VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN for men in all branches of the service. Leave yours at the nearest collection center or public library.

**THEY JUST
NATURALLY
GO TOGETHER!**

**CRACKERS
and CHEESE**



**PANCAKES and
VERMONT MAID SYRUP**



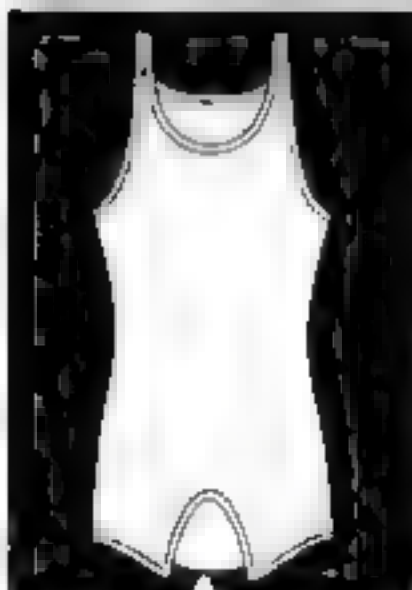
● Vermont Maid Syrup adds the crowning touch to pancakes. Packed in Vermont—right in the heart of the maple sugar country—Vermont Maid Syrup is always rich in true maple sugar flavor. Get a jug today!



**Vermont Maid
Syrup**

**New Comfort
Saves Strength**

—Say busy
war workers



**Improved Healthknit Kut-Ups
Give Freedom of Action!**

THIS new kind of shirt means new comfort for thousands of war production men! Its patented Kut-Ups feature means it can't creep or crawl—can't bunch up around the waist. When you tuck it in, it stays tucked!

For men who perspire heavily, there's new comfort in the soft, absorbent quality of Kut-Ups' fine yarns, too! By absorbing excess moisture, Kut-Ups act as an air-conditioning system for overheated bodies. You'll like them!

Ask your dealer for improved Healthknit Kut-Ups Shirts and MacDoos (briefs or "mids"). He has them, or can easily get them for you!

Healthknit Kut-Ups

STANDARD KNITTING MILLS, INC.

Knoxville, Tenn.

Buy More War Bonds!

tem, money is collected for gift boxes which the Jahco Women's Club sends to Army camps. Last year, when Clevelanders organized a "Bomber for MacArthur" drive, the associates contributed \$6,290. On the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor they bought \$200,000 worth of War Bonds, an average of \$50 per associate. Through the usual payroll deduction system they invest 15% of their wages in bonds regularly—probably a nationwide record.

The most spectacular response to any of the collection campaigns so far was for the Infantile Paralysis Fund. The last day of each month, the associates gather at a free banquet to congratulate themselves on their production records and engage in general high jinks. Lately, the only place in Cleveland big enough to hold them has been the Public Auditorium, which Jack has signed up on a long-term basis. However, the Auditorium is also the customary scene of the President's Birthday Ball, and last January the ball committee asked Jack to move the banquet forward or back a few days. Jack reflected, then asked how much money the ball usually raised. "About \$2,000—or with luck, \$2,500," the chairman answered. "If I can get \$5,000 for you, will you get another place instead?" Jack asked. The committee would be happy to do so. Jack went back to his office and seized his microphone. The fact that the Paralysis Fund was a national institution had escaped him, but he told the associates that the President was behind it, that it was a fine cause, and that he hoped they'd contribute. Hats were passed and 48 hours later the Fund was \$45,902.02 richer. The committee, flabbergasted, canceled the ball entirely.

Jack works seven days a week, like the others, and from 15 to 20 hours a day. Although he is now 54 and his face is heavy with fatigue most of the time, he somehow gives the impression of youth. He has broad shoulders and his 162 pounds are well placed on his 5-ft., 6-in. frame. His step is springy and he moves rapidly. His eyes are still a clear blue and his face is relatively unlined. However, he has two long, irregular purple scars on his forehead, mementos of the time that he fell off a boxcar in his youth. Except when he loses his temper or wants to whip up the associates to some new feat of production, his voice is gentle. He is ungrammatical and profane in an easy, accomplished, conversational way.

Besides the fall from the boxcar, which fractured his skull and tore his scalp so badly that 52 stitches were needed to mend it, Jack has cracked up in an airplane, broken his knee in an auto accident, had double pneumonia twice, and also suffers chronically from coronary thrombosis. After one attack the doctors predicted that he had only a few days to live. He attributes his durability to straight thinking and his hardy Scotch ancestry. His father, a native of Glasgow, lived to be 102. The elder Jack came to the U. S. as a young man, and Bill Jack was born in the tough industrial Newburg section of Cleveland in 1888. The family was poor, and at 6 Jack was hawking papers in the Cleveland public square. In his spare time

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Ralph Heintz, shown with Jack, built radio equipment for Byrd and Ellsworth Arctic expeditions. Absent-minded, Heintz often walks away in the middle of a conversation.

SAVE BUTTER!

TRY THIS WONDERFUL
MUSTARD-BUTTER
MADE WITH
FRENCH'S!



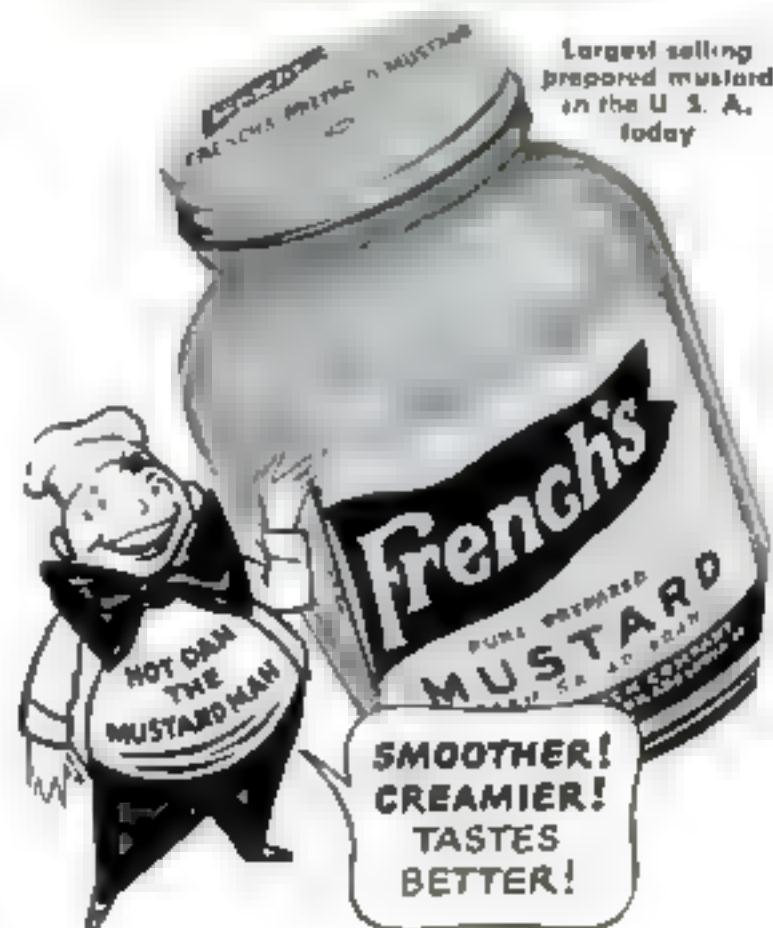
MAKES YOUR SANDWICH BUTTER
GO **50% FURTHER**



GIVES DELICIOUS, NEW FLAVOR.
EASY TO MIX . . . JUST ADD
FRENCH'S TO BUTTER!

1. Measure out $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful (4 tbsp.) of French's Mustard.
2. Take $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter (or oleomargarine), soften to room temperature.
3. Blend mustard into butter. (French's is so smooth and creamy it blends perfectly.) Keep in icebox; use as a sandwich spread instead of plain butter.

Makes your sandwich butter go 50% further, and makes your sandwiches the kind they'll rave about. This mustard-butter's especially delicious with meat or cheese.



Largest selling
prepared mustard
in the U. S. A.
today

SMOOTHER!
CREAMIER!
TASTES
BETTER!

IN THE RING FOR SPRING



COMMANDO

champ hats

3.95 AND 5.00

SKY CHAMP

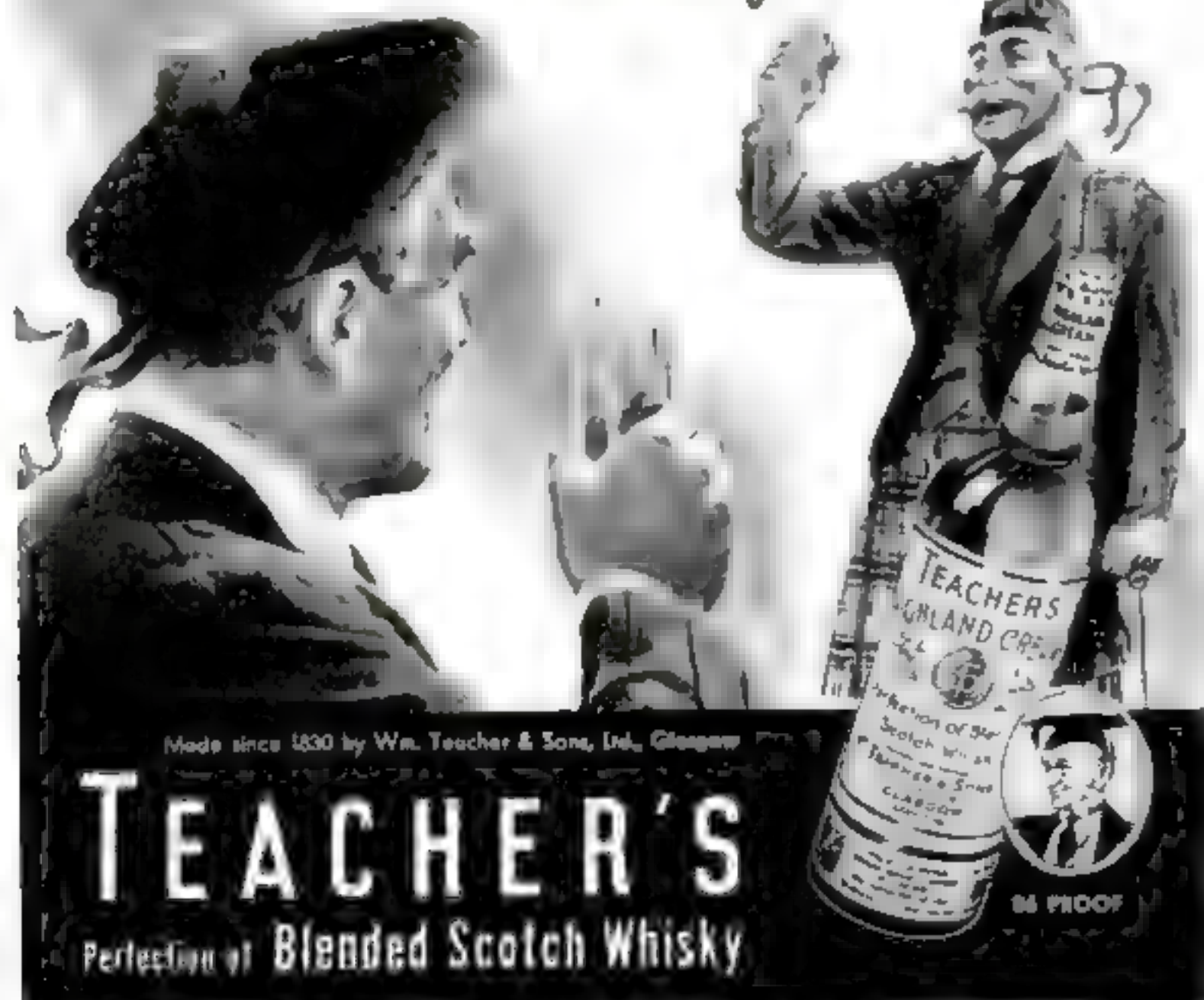
"FEEL THE FELT" AND THEN COMPARE

CHAMP HATS • MADE BY LA SALLE HAT COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA • PA •

*"Tae th' guid things o' Life
...an' oor ability t' ken them"*

And for all who appreciate Scotch whisky of "connoisseur" excellence, there's the smo-o-o-th, distinctive quality of Teacher's...

"It's the flavour"



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

46 PROOF

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

JACK & HEINTZ (continued)

after school he hauled laundry for his mother, who took in washing, and carried lunch buckets to men working in the mills.

By the time he was 12 Jack had quit grammar school and taken his first white-collar job as a magician's assistant. During his teens he held down more different jobs than he can now remember. At 18 he became a journeyman machinist, and at 23 he was elected business agent of the machinists' union. As a labor leader he was aggressive and persuasive. During his five-year tenure he increased the local's membership from only 61 to more than 3,600.

Jack got into business when he and the local's president pooled their joint savings, which amounted to \$2,100, and opened a shop of their own. This venture set a pattern that he was to follow for the next 25 years—starting businesses with a little capital, building them up and selling out at a big profit. With a succession of partners, he manufactured goods ranging from business record systems to Diesel engines. Jack & Heintz was the result of a meeting with Ralph Heintz who had an idea for an improved airplane starter

\$650,000 for 800 associates

In all his various businesses Jack has tried to apply his theories about employer-employee relations. At the Accurate Machine Co., his first shop, bonuses and profit-sharing had raised wages to as high as \$100 a day. He could never go quite as far as he would have liked because of his partners, but at Jack & Heintz there was no opposition. Heintz and Jack's two sons were the only other stockholders, and they were agreeable to anything. At Christmas, therefore, although the company had made no deliveries and consequently had no profits to share, Jack gave each of his 90 associates a \$100 bill, an engraved aviation watch, a \$2,000 life insurance policy, a \$2,500 accident policy and a hospitalization policy. As the business grew and prospered the following year, he passed out more and bigger bonuses. At Christmas 1941, 800 associates split a melon of \$650,000. Three months later Jack was haled before a Congressional investigating committee in Washington.

The charge was that Jack & Heintz was evading the excess profits tax by disbursing corporate profits among its employees. The company's case looked especially bad when it was brought out that the Navy had asked for a price reduction on starters and had been refused. Lacking the services of a polished "public relations counselor," Jack cut a poor figure at the hearings. Before the hard-boiled committeemen, his explanations sounded improbable. By the time he had finished testifying, one representative had demanded criminal prosecution, another that Jack & Heintz's patents be seized and the firm had become a notorious profiteer in editorial columns all over the country.



ASSOCIATES VACATION AT THE COMPANY'S EXPENSE ON HONEYMOON ISLE. HERE

What the editorial writers had no way of knowing was that the \$600 price, though it looked big, was some \$200 less than the Navy had been paying for a comparable starter. Far from being dissatisfied with Jack & Heintz, the War Department had asked it to undertake the difficult job of producing automatic pilots; it is now turning them out at twice the rate and 65% of the cost of a similar pilot made by the company that originated them. A few months ago the Army Air Forces put the company on its "Quality Control Classification 'A' list, denoting complete approval."

Jack looks over his domain today with belligerent satisfaction. He is scornful of the production records of other companies. "When you see their swell plants, fine equipment and big manpower, and then see how much more they could be turning out than they are," he says, "... hell, somebody ought to be hit with a bat!" Since Jack spends all his waking hours at work, his home life is nil. Mrs. Jack, a short, ample, cheerful woman, has been passing the time this winter in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. where she was hostess to the associates and their families who vacationed there before Jack leased Honey-moon Isle in February. She carries a memento of his affection on her car, however. Before license plates were frozen, all Jack & Heintz associates had numbers preceded by the initials "J. H." Mrs. Jack is the possessor of "J H 88," which in company language means "Jack & Heintz—love and kisses." Although none of the other executives puts in the number of hours that Jack does, they follow his example as closely as their endurance allows. Consequently they, too, have no home lives. Their wives spend their time in solitary reflection and good works, such as the Red Cross. To fill in her hours and find someone to talk to, Mrs. Heintz became a radio "ham" and formed a wide acquaintanceship among ship radio operators and other "hams" around the world.

Last year Jack turned down an offer of \$10,000,000 for controlling interest in the company. He shudders to think of what would happen to his labor policies if an orthodox employer got hold of them. "I've got enough money already," he says. "It's worth a lot more to me to see those boys out there happy, like they are. I'd go all the way for any of them, and they know it." The associates feel the same way about Jack. As they say in the *Jacks Victory Song*:

*JAH-CO—On to VIC-TO-RY!
—Wor-king ev-'ry bo-ar for our LI-BER-TY!
JAH-CO—That means you and me!
—Ev-'ry one must fight for VIC-TO-RY!
"Bill" and "Ralph," You've stood by us,
we're all in back of YOU.
Anything you care to ask,
we're waiting here to do.*



THEY PLAY CARDS AND DOMINOES. FISHING AND LEAPFROG ARE ALSO POPULAR

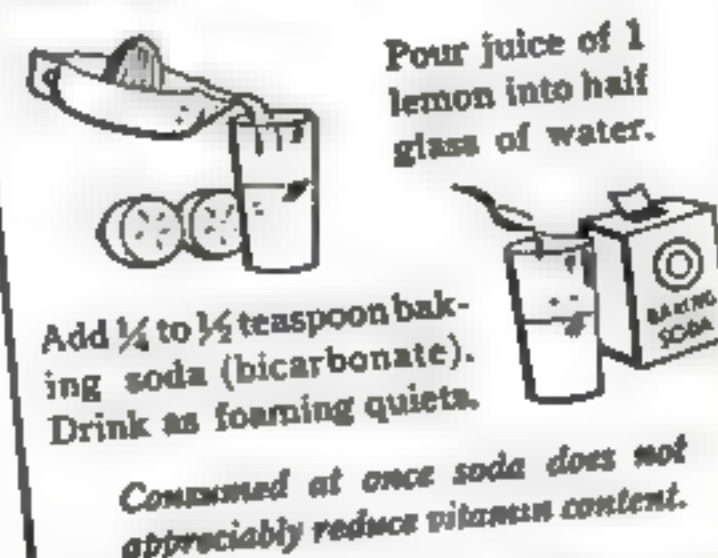
LEMONS HELP 5 WAYS WITH A COLD

In addition to temporary relief measures most authorities agree on 5 BASIC STEPS that help your system fight the infection. Lemons help with all 5.



AUTHORITIES SAY, DO THIS	HOW LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5 STEPS
1 Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
2 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks go down easily—taste good even when you have a cold!
3 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue. It is a primary anti-infection vitamin.
4 Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
5 Alkalinize your system.	Frequent glasses of lemon and soda, or lemon and water, are excellent to offset acid condition.
To gain the above benefits of lemons, start with a hot lemonade, then take lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) every few hours as long as cold lasts. Try it! If cold does not respond, call your doctor.	

How to make Lemon & Soda



DON'T WAIT FOR COLDS TO START!

Keep from getting run-down. Lemons provide a natural alkalinizer, a mild laxative and vitamin C protection *all in one*. They help you keep up to par. Millions now take this refreshing health drink daily. Try lemon and soda (or just lemon and plain water) each morning on arising.

Copy, 1962, California Fruit Growers Exchange

**WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS!**



**Sunkist
Lemons**

"Today at the Dancette"—CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T.—Fridays

Life Goes to a Party



ON NASHUA STREET, MILFORD, N. H. STANDS THE RAMBLING WHITE ELEPHANT SHOP, PROBABLY THE WORLD'S LARGEST SECONDHAND STORE, WITH OVER ONE MILLION ITEMS FOR SALE



Colored glassware, some of it antique, some just pretty, always finds ready purchasers. Pieces on display in this window cost from 25¢ for a glass candlestick (center shelf) to \$10 for tall pitchers.

*Life Goes Browsing
in a Secondhand Shop*

Remote store is treasure trove of useful used goods



Heat stoves, including pothellies, Franklins, railroad stoves and old New England soapstone types, have been popular this winter due to fuel oil rationing. Prices range from \$10 to \$65.



MORE THAN 4,000 CHAIRS COVER THE FLOOR AND CEILING OF ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR OF SHOP. THESE ARE NOT PRECIOUS ANTIQUES BUT PLAIN USED CHAIRS, PRICED 50¢ TO \$2

Civilian shortages and "freeze" orders may be a headache to most businessmen but to Harold Reed, owner of one of the world's largest secondhand stores, they are just what his business needed. In normal years Mr. Reed's White Elephant Shop in Mcford, N. H., does a small but steady business with motoring vacationists, decorators, collectors, who heed the "Welcome Browsers" sign hanging inside the shop's entrance. Now he's doing a brisk mail-order business with people from Maine to Florida who need stoves, clocks, bed-

springs, iceboxes, pots and pans and such utilitarian merchandise for the serious business of housekeeping.

During the past year Mr. Reed sold 700 stoves, five times as many as a year before, more iceboxes than during five previous years, and every alarm clock and kitchen scale in the shop. Mr. Reed's experience is an example of what is happening in secondhand stores throughout the country. Los Angeles reports a run on secondhand lighters, sinks, toilets. In Terre Haute, Ind., the Root Dry Goods Co. store, unable to get

enough new "durable" goods, opened a swap shop where customers can trade a lamp, a clock, a silver service or anything they do not need for a washing machine, toaster or something they do need. In San Antonio, Texas, a dealer sold, bought back and resold one bedroom set four times, each time for a higher price.

On these pages LIFE examines the stock of used but useful goods which fills a big secondhand store. At the rate these goods are now moving, some secondhand stores may have to close for lack of merchandise.



Old ranges for cooking are in demand because of the scarcity of new electric and gas stoves. A big range in good working order costs about \$65, small one about \$45. All are reconditioned.



China section has thousands of pieces, includes 2¢ chipped dishes as well as \$25 century-old platters. Used china, once sold mostly to summer campers, is now being bought by families on move.

HISTORY... In the making



POCAHONTAS had more than one idea in mind when she saved Captain John Smith's life. Here's how John's diary tells the story:

Fearfully I awaited a blow from the club the Indian chief held upraised... Then in rushed the chief's daughter, Pocahontas. "Stop, Pop,"



she said. "Spare this gent. This morning he gave me a Venus-Velvet Pencil—the kind with that smooth-writing, point-holding Colored Lead. 'Pressure-Proofed', too—not a wasteful splinter in a canoe-load. Let's release him in return for a supply of Venus-Velvets. How?" "How," said the chief... "And how!" I murmured, fainting.

OFFICE MANAGERS, PURCHASING AGENTS: May we send you a free sampling of Venus-Velvet? Write: American Pencil Company, Dept. 124, Hoboken, N. J.—on your letterhead, please.

For color, try Venus Coloring Pencils (28 shades). They take and hold a point as strong as black graphite.

VENUS VELVET PENCILS

AMERICAN PENCIL CO., NEW YORK
In Canada: Venus Pencil Company, Ltd., Toronto

Secondhand Shop (continued)



Kitchen scales, alarm clocks are rare items even in secondhand stores. Since this picture was taken, these five scales and six alarm clocks (above) have all been sold.



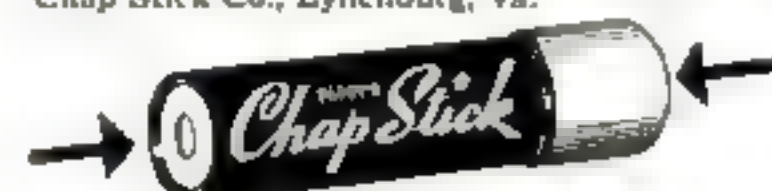
Iceboxes of the old-fashioned kind which use, not make, ice are coming back into favor. The purchaser should be leery of badly insulated boxes, no matter how cheap.



Cowbells, school bells, sleigh bells, church bells, gongs—once collectors' items—are now being bought by air-raid wardens to sound alarms. Metal bells cost \$3 to \$15.



CHAP STICK a specially medicated lip salve in handy stick form—soothes smarting discomfort, helps heal rough, broken skin, makes lips smooth and comfortable again. Only a medicated stick can give this quick relief. Chap Stick has been a standby in American homes for over 50 years. Look for the name *Fleet's* to get the one and only Chap Stick. It's completely colorless on the lips. 25¢ at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.



On duty with American Forces from Alaska (40° below) to Africa (40° above)

'NOTHING BETTER' to relieve itching of SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

So Many Druggists Claim!



To quickly relieve maddening itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, ringworm symptoms and similar skin irritations due to external cause—apply wonderful medicated **liquid Zemo**—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' successful Zemo starts at once to aid healing.

Apply clean, stainless, inv. stable Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. First trial convinces! 35¢, 60¢, \$1.00.

ZEMO

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Night, Burning Urinages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Languor, Urinary Pain and feeling worn out, are all caused by non-organic acid in the system. Kidneys and Bladder troubles usually result from the very first loss of **Cytex** goes right to work helping the kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying kidney action, in 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000, 1010, 1020, 1030, 1040, 1050, 1060, 1070, 1080, 1090, 1100, 1110, 1120, 1130, 1140, 1150, 1160, 1170, 1180, 1190, 1200, 1210, 1220, 1230, 1240, 1250, 1260, 1270, 1280, 1290, 1300, 1310, 1320, 1330, 1340, 1350, 1360, 1370, 1380, 1390, 1400, 1410, 1420, 1430, 1440, 1450, 1460, 1470, 1480, 1490, 1500, 1510, 1520, 1530, 1540, 1550, 1560, 1570, 1580, 1590, 1600, 1610, 1620, 1630, 1640, 1650, 1660, 1670, 1680, 1690, 1700, 1710, 1720, 1730, 1740, 1750, 1760, 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Always All HAPS

Under All

THE ONE-PIECE SHIRT & SHORTS

Men of Action built the new freedom of HAPS... the ingenious One-Piece shirt & shorts. Knit to fit without climbing shirt-tails, binding shorts, need-leg-bustles or flaps. Guaranteed to be the most convenient underwear you ever wore, or money back. Swiss ribbed white knit, with exclusive "Interknit" knit for extra stretch where you need it most. Try HAPS today!

\$1.25 or \$2.00 the suit

HAPS... for Active Men

Augusta Knitting Corp., Utica, N. Y.

(Write for Booklet A)

Dear Sue:

I knew about This...



...but I didn't know about This



"...I didn't know that normally Southern Californians sailed their boats the year around but now have given them to Uncle Sam. I didn't know they were building boats today—big boats on ways strung like beads along the shore. Building them fast, too—smashing ship-building traditions records and Axis hopes.



"...had forgotten this is the heart of American aviation; that planes are assembled here outdoors and in; that flying and flight-testing weather is year-round.



"...I didn't know there were invisible medals pinned on the movie and radio people. Besides roadshowing the nation, selling it war bonds, they make technical films to shorten our training, send 'features' to fighting fronts, train thousands of service technicians.



"...I didn't know that high in those rugged peaks slow-moving glaciers feed roaring, white water into swift-turning turbines—that power for ships and for shells and for planes—was coming from scenery.

"...I didn't know Southern California's oil wells were fueling much of our great Pacific war—giving high-octane for fighters over Pacific isles, fuel oil for convoys and hundreds of products vital to Victory.

"...that millions of orange trees were supplying high-vitamin orange juice concentrate for British children and pectin (rendered from peel) a blood serum alternate used in the treatment of shock!

"...Who knew a playground could go to war—this way!"

Buy War Bonds for Your Post-War Vacation—Yes, we're all busy now. But after Victory is won, come to Southern California for a Victory Vacation. To make your trip a reality then instead of just a dream today, start buying war bonds to pay for it. Send coupon below for interesting post-war vacation information about Southern California.

Essential Travelers Only. Patriotism demands you use transportation wisely. If you are coming today on business, or to visit boys in training, or, if you are a soldier or sailor visiting

on furlough, the **ALL-YEAR CLUB**, Southern California's non-profit community organization has special, free, wartime services for you at its famous **VISITORS' BUREAU**, at 505 West 6th Street, in Los Angeles. Send coupon below for valuable, explanatory folder.

Copyright, 1943, by All-Year Club of Southern California

This advertisement sponsored by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors brings you a wartime message from the citizens of the County's rich agricultural and industrial areas and of its famous cities—Beverly Hills, Glendale, Hollywood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica and 182 other communities.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, Dept. B-3, 520 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.

- ☐ Please send me information to help me plan a post-war vacation in Southern California.
- ☐ Please send free folder of Helpful Hints for wartime travelers to Southern California.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address)



I'M FLAVOR — once try me,
you'll never pass by me!



I'M SMOOTHNESS — with Light-
ness, I give "5" politeness!

TOUGHNESS GETS THE "FREEZE" —SAY THE 5 CROWNS

Here's the way to treat TOUGHNESS, we think—
Keep away from the pest—Let him sink!
That's why we have grown,
And our FINER "5's" known
As a smoother, much mellower drink!

And the bottle called HOST (see below)
Is designed to make quality show!...
When your callers are faced
With this blend of good taste,
You'll be classed as a man "In the know"!



I'M BODY — I tether
fine whiskies together!



I'M LIGHTNESS — situations,
well-mannered and gracious!



In the FAMOUS
Host BOTTLE

DANGER

TOUGHNESS

RICHNESS

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
and blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown



Antique clocks, not merely decorative pieces but real timekeepers with swinging pendulums, no longer gather dust on the shelves of dealers but sell readily at \$5 to \$10.



Baby carriages with wicker bodies and iron-rimmed wheels, like those above, may be had for several dollars. More modern ones with hard rubber wheels fetch up to \$30.



Cooking utensils are in demand in all secondhand stores now that the manufacture of new pots and pans has been curtailed. Cast-iron kettles like these cost 50¢ to \$1.50.

HOW TO "MAGNETIZE" YOUR LIPS

with radiant youthful allure



Angelus
special
economy size
only **49¢**
plus Federal Tax

**Draws Admiring Glances From
Most "Hard To Impress" Males!**

Here's one of the most beautifying lipsticks ever created—Louis Philippe ANGELUS. A perfectly enchanting lipstick—neither too hard nor too soft—but so *evenly balanced* in texture it enables you to outline your lips in *any shape* you desire yet spreads on easily and smoothly—imparting a rare sparkling beauty.

ANGELUS has amazing lasting qualities. It stays put *evenly* for hours without caking or drying—yet never appears greasy. This is due to its special creamy base.

ANGELUS has been used for years by many stage and screen stars. It's famous for its gloriously flattering, youthfully appealing fashion shades. For complete color harmony—use the corresponding shades of Louis Philippe ANGELUS Rouge and Face Poudre.

**Thrilling ANGELUS Make-Up
Spreads Enchanting Beauty Film
Over Face and Neck**



Full 3 4 Oz.
Only **49¢**
plus Federal Tax

ANGELUS Make-Up instantly creates a gorgeous new satin-smooth complexion for you in 60 seconds. It's marvelous to cover tiny blemishes, wrinkles and freckles. Lasts for hours. Spreads on evenly without streaking. Waterproof. Glamorous covering for legs—gives "sheer stocking" effect.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POWDER—CREMES

Ah-h-h!
...that wonderful
BRIGGS!



You're sabotaging your pipe's ability to give pleasure when you load it with anything less than Briggs. For Briggs is vask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends—to make your briar a treat. Its ripe perfection cuddles taste-buds with full-bodied goodness—it's a gentle joy to your tongue, a delight to your nostrils. Don't put off the pleasure—try Briggs today!



BRIGGS
The Smoke with
a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

IRON GLUE

MENDS 'MOST ANYTHING

Needs no mixing. Mends wood, glass, china, toys, etc. Ask for Iron Glue—largest selling glue. Sold 'most everywhere. McCracken Sales Co., 408 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH



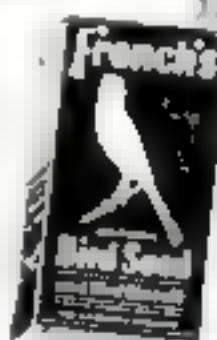
BUY WAR
BONDS AND
STAMPS

For Victory



A CANARY entrances
JOAN BENNETT

Starring in "MARGIN FOR ERROR" a 20th Century-Fox Picture. And you, too, will thrill to the joy a Canary brings in these trying days. Buy a Canary and keep a song in your home! Be sure to feed your Canary FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuits—the best food in El Dorado, and the largest selling brand in the U.S.



OWN A CANARY...THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!



Throat raw, raspy, due to a cold? Get yourself Luden's and help yourself to quick, soothing relief. Special medicinal ingredients and cooling, comforting menthol help ease sore, tender throat membranes.



WAR LIVING

DIM-OUT ANKLETS

People who walk at night on dimly lighted streets along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards should, if they value their lives and limbs, wear white on feet or ankles. That is the verdict of William J. Becker, safety engineer, consultant to the National Safety Council, after a series of tests.

The reason Mr. Becker advises white around the feet is apparent in the picture at top, right. This photograph was taken from the driver's seat in car in foreground, with no lighting other than the dimmed-out headlights of car. Out of the darkness, pedestrians' anklets stand out clearly. Reasons: 1) headlights shine down, pick up objects below knee; 2) since the feet are moving faster than body, white around feet catches the eye quicker (just as a swinging lantern at a railroad crossing is better than a stationary light).

Women will probably make a fad of wearing white anklets, six of which are shown here. Men, slaves of the conventional, will probably continue to increase the nearly doubled night accident rate in dimmed-out areas.



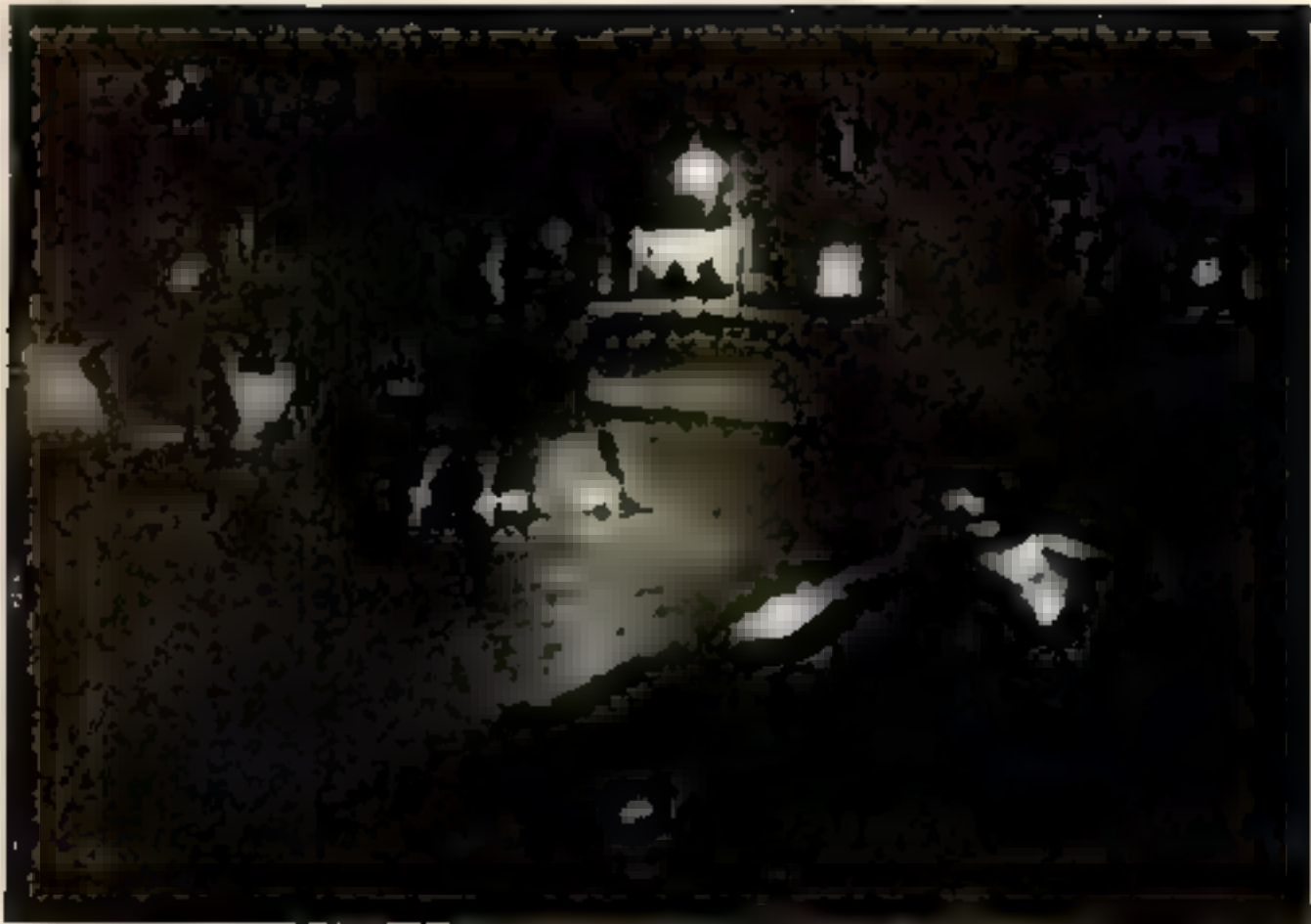
A KNITTED ANKLET IS EASY TO MAKE. CAST ON 72 STITCHES, KNIT 2, PURL 2



PAPER ONE CAN BE GLUED LIKE ENVELOPE FLAP OR PINNED. GOOD FOR MEN



A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF FOLDED IN A TRIANGLE IS READILY TIED AS ANKLET



GIRL ABOVE HAS WHITE GLOVES, MAN WHITE SCARF. ANKLETS ARE CLEAREST



WHITE BEADS ON ELASTICIZED THREAD MAKE FANCY ANKLET COST 45 PAIR



CLAMP PEARL BRACELETS, USUALLY WORN AT WRIST, CAN DOUBLE AS ANKLET



LEI-TYPE ANKLET CAN BE MADE BY SEWING WHITE FLOWERS ON WHITE TAPE



"You bet it's...

TOO GOOD TO WASTE!"

There's nothing like a good cup of coffee. Nothing that pretends to be a substitute even comes close to coffee's wonderful flavor and energizing goodness. Many people have learned through bitter experience that trying to stretch coffee with adulterants merely wastes the precious coffee you use in such experiments.

And especially while purchases are limited—coffee is Too Good to Waste!

NO RESTRICTIONS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON QUALITY!

When you buy coffee, you have a right to rich, delicious, unadulterated coffee. Read the label on the package and be sure you get it!

Be sure the coffee served to you in restaurants and trains is pure, unadulterated coffee.

See that coffee made at your house is not wasted in experiments with adulterants or "stretching" with water. One good cup of hearty mellow coffee is better than two cups of unsatisfying brew.

The coffee situation is due to present shipping problems... not to the amount of coffee that is being produced. The coffee-producing countries are cooperating in every way to improve existing conditions.

COFFEE

THE FRIENDLY DRINK... FROM GOOD NEIGHBORS

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
EL SALVADOR MEXICO VENEZUELA

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS

Signed

with the proudest signature
in whiskeydom

Sealed

with the green stamp that
stands for the strictest whis-
key standards in the world

*and
Delicious*

with the fine rich flavor of
Kentucky straight bourbon
whiskey at its glorious best



Within the ivy-covered
walls of this distillery
no whiskey other than
Old Taylor has ever
been made.



The Old Taylor Distil-
lery Co. is 100% engaged
in production of alcohol
for war purposes.

This whiskey was made
years before Pearl Harbor.

Copyright 1943, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

RICKSHAW, U. S. STYLE

REUTERS.

With the family automobile no longer
available for important dates, my 15-
year-old son was upset over the prospect
of getting his best girl to parties. I
think his solution shows real ingenuity.
To two old bicycle wheels (complete with

white side-wall tires) he fastened steel
bars, added sidepieces and handles, and
cushions of Chinese tapestry. In 35 days
George had completed the rickshaw
which he is drawing (below), with Pat
Scully as a contented passenger.

GEORGE L. PAYNE

Ridgewood, N.J.



BLACKOUT IN TIMES SQUARE

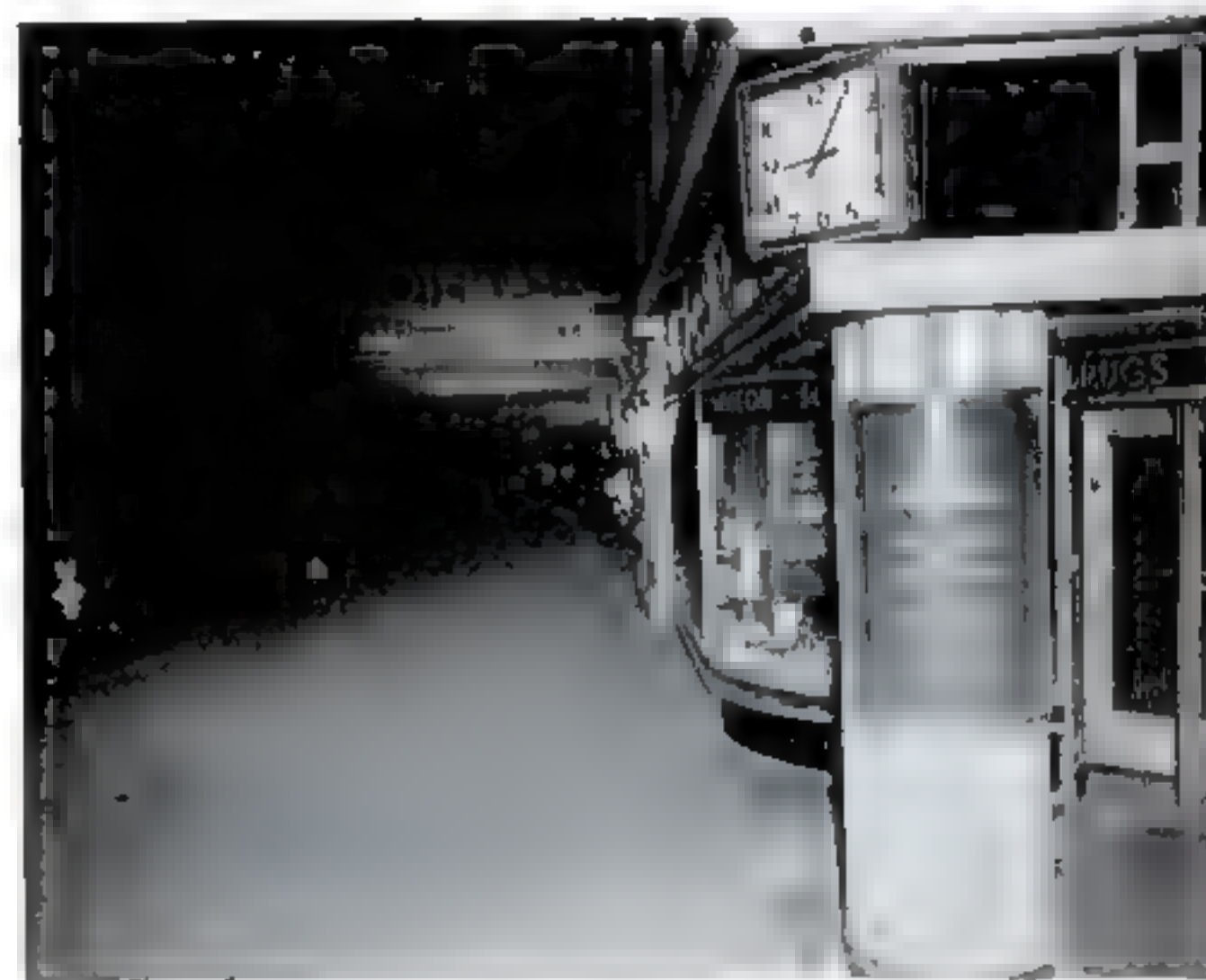
REUTERS.

The pictures below show how a black-
out can get a crowd of people in Times
Square to cover. At 8:56 p.m. (see clock in
top picture, below) when the first warning
was sounded, Broadway was streaming

with citizens on their way to nearby
movies and bars. Air-raid wardens blew
their whistles, hustled the crowds into
hotel lobbies and subway entrances, and
pronto—less than ten minutes later the
place was deserted.

ARTHUR FELLIG

New York, N.Y.





The Easy way to Fight Toilet Germs—

SANI-FLUSH takes every speck of messy work out of toilet sanitation. It removes stains, film and incrustations that collect constantly. You don't scrub. Every application of Sani-Flush cleans away recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Use it at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is absolutely safe in toilet connections. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes.



*FREE for Septic Tank Owners

Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Tests by eminent research authorities show how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of their scientific report, write: The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 28, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush CLEANS TOILET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Lubricates • Cleans • Polishes • Prevents Rust



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

REAL LIVE GREMLIN

Sirs:

I agree the gremlin scourge has about run its course, but before you close your pages to them let me expose one more. We never dreamed we had one in our own house!

See pictures (below) of this mysterious creature at work: pulling the plug to the electric toaster; hiding Daddy's slippers; putting little objects in strategic places for people to trip over. And finally, the gremlin unmasked—our daughter Susan, not yet 2 years old.

JUSTUS W. AHREND

Staten Island, N. Y.



**TOO LITTLE,
TOO LATE!**

**Protect Your Motor
—NOW!—FIND OUT:**

HOW'S YOUR OIL FILTER?

MOTOR PARTS are precious, hard-to-get . . . a damaged part now might even put you off the road for the duration! So do what you can to protect your motor, reduce breakdowns and repairs. Take one of these two steps, today:

1. Drive in where you see the Fram Authorized Dealer Sign. Ask for a FREE test with the patented Fram Dip-Stick. This test shows when your oil filter needs a new chemically-treated Fram Replacement Cartridge to keep oil visibly, physically, chemically clean. Fram Cartridges do what no non-chemical filter can do . . . they not only filter out dust, dirt, carbon and sludge, but also impede formation of acids and other harmful corrosives that eat away motor parts.

2. If your car has no oil filter, a complete Fram Oil & Motor Cleaner can be installed in a jiffy. Fram Dealers have Frams designed especially for your car, and Genuine Fram Replacement Cartridges to fit most makes of oil filters. Better check up . . . get your Free Dip-Stick Test today! Fram Corporation, Providence, R. I. Canadian Distributor: J.C. Adams Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



HOW'S YOUR OIL FILTER?
The Dip-Stick Tells the Story



Are you supporting a hobgoblin?



A watery goblin plays hob with drinks made with ordinary club soda. Who is he? Melting Ice. His air bubbles escape, swallow sparkle-bubbles alive, and leave your drink flat. Ice water drowns what's left. That's bad—too bad!



Baffle this bubble-eater. Use Canada Dry Water and sip finer-flavored drinks with last-drop liveliness! Its "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"—millions of tinier bubbles—holds that sparkle!



Marathon dance! You'll be amazed how much longer an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water keeps its sparkle and liveliness.* You can buy the big bottle—save money—conserve caps!



P. S. When you're out, speak up for this finer club soda and get a better drink. For better ginger ale highballs, always get "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer and Lime Rickey.

CANADA DRY WATER

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**

the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

**BUY THE BIG BOTTLE—
SAVE MONEY—CONSERVE CAPS!**



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

WORLD-MINDEDNESS

Sirs:

I suppose you might say the picture below shows one way to get "a-head" in the world. At any rate, my friend Chadwick has suddenly become international-

minded with the aid of R. Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion World (LIFE, March 1). Aside from occasional spells of suffocation he enjoys his unique ivory tower.

O. A. O. ("MOE") MENTUM

Highland Park, Mich.



MANY HANDS

Sirs:

There is a point, in constructing the Dymaxion globe, at which the most able architect runs out of hands. I called on Jerri Vance, contortionist, currently per-

forming at the Hotel Park Central's Coconut Grove, and she resolved the problem nicely, as shown herewith.

WALLACE KIRKLAND

New York, N. Y.



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Fire is fine in a gamecock—but not in a whiskey
That's why Imperial is "velvety"

"Velveting" makes IMPERIAL gentle to the taste, wonderfully smooth, more enjoyable, more pleasing to your palate. Velveting is the thing that has placed IMPERIAL among America's foremost whiskeys, that has won it the right to say—*America's fastest-growing whiskey.*

But like sugar and coffee, IMPERIAL is on quota—because our stills are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey. And some-

times even the quota is held up a day or so, because shipments of war materials and food naturally come first.

So if your store or tavern sometimes cannot supply you with IMPERIAL, please be patient and remember there is a mighty good reason for it.

Eighty-six proof, 70% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1943, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.



IMPERIAL The "velvety" whiskey

HAVE YOU A MAN IN THE ARMY?



DON'T wave or signal or try to attract the attention of a man marching in formation. He's not allowed to answer or even to look at you—regulations say that in formation marching he must always look straight ahead.



DON'T try to surprise your soldier by dressing in "military fashion"—he sees plenty of uniforms. Above all, don't turn up wearing slacks! Wear your prettiest, most feminine clothes—that's the way he wants to see you.



DON'T ask a soldier to carry packages or an umbrella. He'll do it, of course, if you ask him to—but it's considered unmilitary and it's apt to get him into difficulties—particularly when he has to salute an officer!



DON'T send him anything too big to conceal in his bunk or duffel bag. At daily barracks inspection, *nothing must show* except government property. DO remember the preferred gift is cigarettes...and the favorite is Camel.*

Do remember—

Camels

are first in the service

WANT to know a secret about that man of yours in the Army?

Well then, it's this: in spite of the fact that he's doing the biggest job in the world—the "little things" count for a lot with him.

"Little things" like the right cigarette, for instance. There's a good reason why men in the Army...in the Navy...the Coast Guard, and the Marines prefer Camel. You see, Camels are expertly blended from costlier tobaccos—tobaccos that are rich in flavor, for lasting enjoyment—tobaccos that give extra mildness, yet are never flat or thin-tasting.

Trust the men in the service to spot the difference! And, of course, that goes for millions of smokers on the "home front," too. They know that Camels are more pleasing every way. If you're not a Camel smoker now—make your next cigarette Camel.

*With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on Actual Sales Records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



THE T ZONE

—where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."